THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVII No. 1795 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 16 1934

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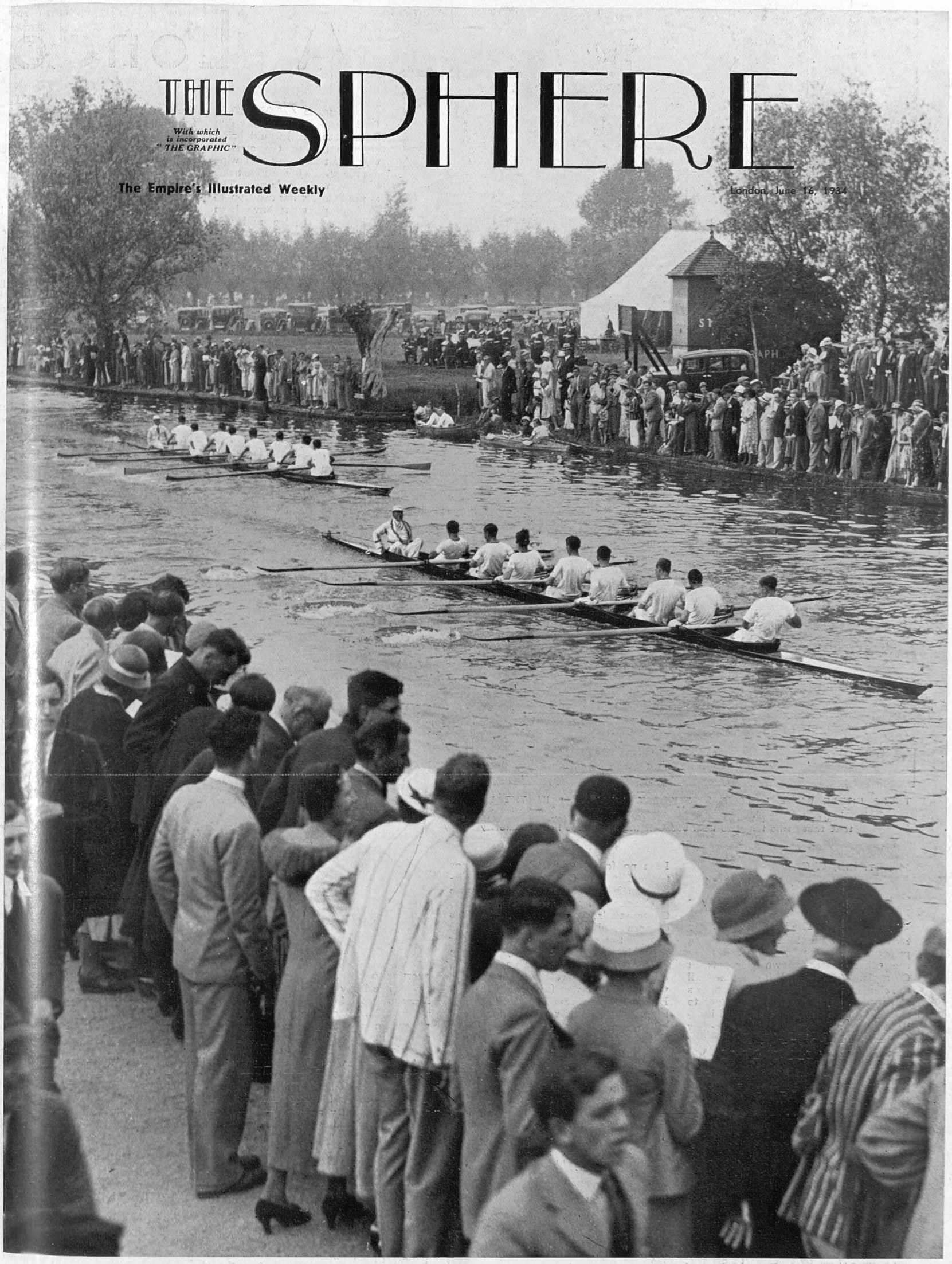
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, June 16, 1934



THE "MAY" RACES AT CAMBRIDGE

Crowds Lining the River Banks Watch a Keen Struggle in the Second Division

The opening days of the May Races at Cambridge were marred by indifferent weather, but a Saturday of glorious sunshine and an enormous crowd of spectators on each side of the river, provided a fitting setting for the finale. Pembroke I, who were not extended, easily retained the headship of the river, while Christ's II, Queen's III, and Jesus VI gained their oars by making four or more bumps. During the four days' racing there were sixty-nine bumps, this being only two fewer than last year's record number of seventy-one. Over sixty crews competed

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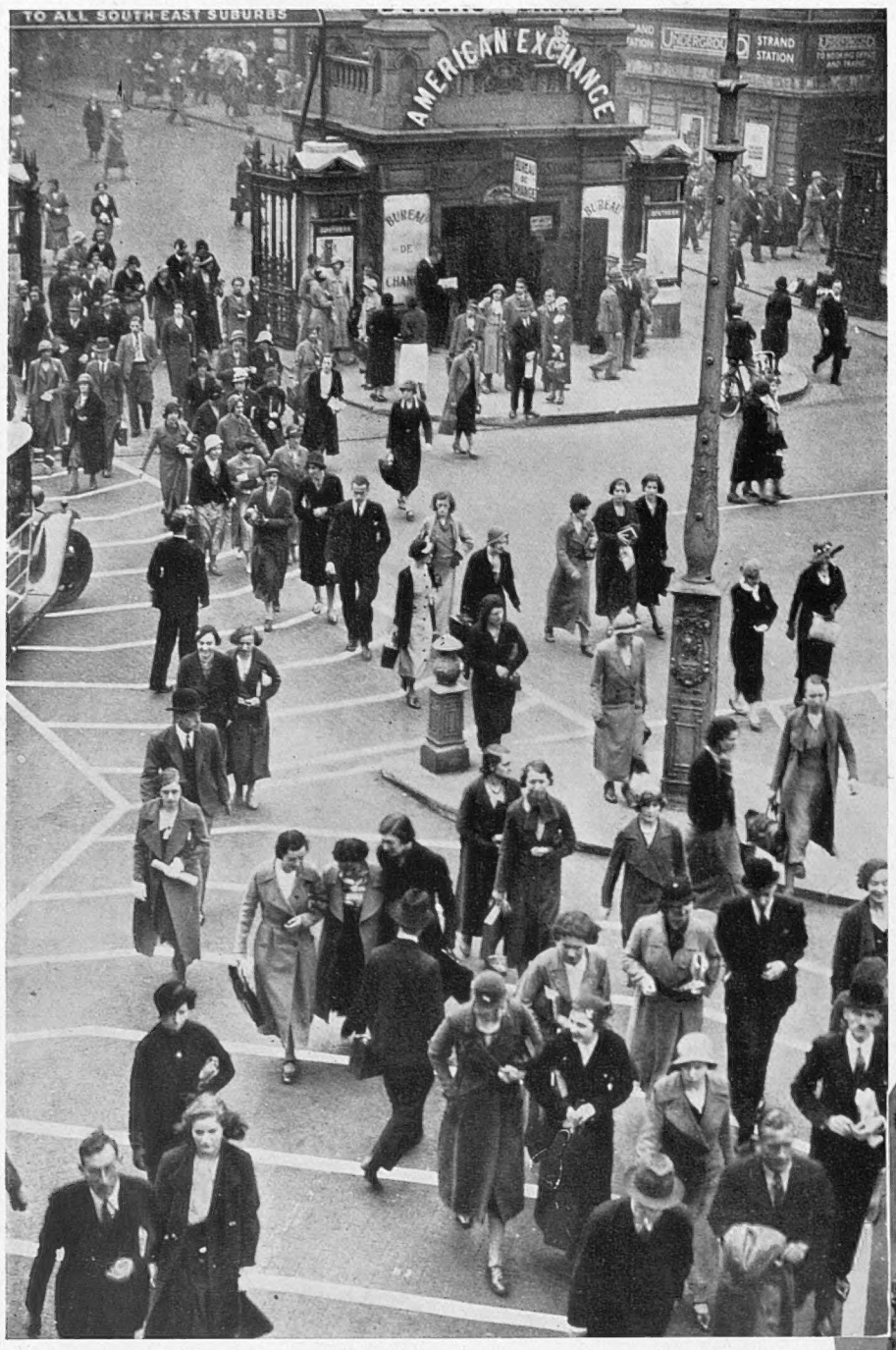


THOSE LITTLE WHITE LINES—A SAFETY-FIRST INNOVATION IN THE LONDON STREETS: City workers at Charing Cross using one of the new pedestrian crossings which were introduced for the first time on Monday. It was noticeable that those who failed to walk between the lines were in the minority

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 13, 1934.

THE DUCE AND ALL AT OLYMPIA.

—The bulk of the Press took Sir Oswald Mosley's Olympian pageant quite as seriously as it takes the other better-known pageants at Olympia. And indeed, it contained all the elements which make Olympia shows so popular. Just a spice of danger to those who take part, a good deal of limelight effect, a fair amount of horse-play (rather rough), and juggling and playing at soldiers *ad lib.* The juggling was a juggling with words and phrases instead of swords and horse-teams, and no immediate danger was to be anticipated from it. Somehow we don't do this political blackshirt stuff so well as they do it abroad. The show must have saddened the hearts of any Germans or Italians present, and of Sir Oswald himself. He certainly looked the part, indeed he was a thought too flashy and glossy and splendid and fiery for his audience, many of whom seemed dispirited, even bored. Those who came to see the rough stuff were the happiest; there was a fair amount of bludgeoning and hustling and stamping on human faces by blackshirt stewards, apparently enough to warrant signed protests in *The Times*. After all, those who got hustled brought it on themselves by coming to the show. They were out for trouble and got it. If they want to stamp out Fascism, the surest way to do it is to stay away and let Sir Oswald posture to empty houses and unfold the plans of his New Jerusalem before the eyes of his paid chuckers-out. I don't sympathize with the victims of his ring-keepers' violence. I am no friend to the Communist nor to the Fascist. Of the two I less dislike the Fascist. His face at any rate is cleaner and more English than the Communist's, if his creed is still as obscure and foreign. The sensible thing is to let them batter one another to death without reporting the battle in headlines. As for the Duce himself, the verdict of more than one sensible young woman was favourable to him. He impressed; revealed that Byronic fire, which so easily melted our great-great-aunts, handled his barrackers excellently from the platform, and turned many an interjection shrewdly and to the advantage of the cause. One "voice" long eluded him; it came from high up in the vast dome and searchlights bracketed for the face from which it proceeded, as in 1917 they searched the skies for Zeppelins. They found it at last among the dizzy rafters, and several blackshirt stewards proceeded to climb up after it. I don't know if they pushed it in. A number of credible witnesses assert that the blackshirts were very rough and cruel. A smaller number deny it. But what nobody can deny is that the Olympia meeting did no service to the Fascist cause, nor to the Communist cause, and revealed the existence (long suspected) of a good number of silly asses who are neither Communists nor Fascists.

THE DEBT.

—At any rate, we have now done our best to expedite the long delayed settlement of the War debt question which has done so much to bring about America's own troubles. For what every clear-thinking man, in America as well as in Europe, knows now is that a transfer of currency amounting to £70,000,000 in 1934 (the sum technically due from us to U.S.) would bring about a fall in the sterling value of the dollar and wipe out America's favourable trade balance with Europe. The arguments for our decision to suspend payment have been marshalled before and are now triumphantly tabulated by Mr. Chamberlain: (1) War debts are not as other debts. The Great War is still accepted as having been a crusade by civilization against a common enemy to world peace. England, therefore, as one of the partners in the crusade, must set off what she lent to the cause against what she borrowed for the common cause. (2) In point of fact, the British nation has been bled white to pay £500,000,000 out of a total of £1,000,000,000 advanced by America. In spite of that sacrifice the original debt is not on paper reduced at all, but increased. (3) Early settlement of the whole question was promised by America as long ago as 1932. Since then no public advance to a settlement has been made. America has had her own terrible troubles, not least of which has been the intransigence of a large body of Americans, politicians and voters, business-men, industrialists and farmers, who for ever see their country as a solitary island in a changing and stormy sea and refuse to see it as a unit in a comity of nations. This first step, therefore, is to secure in America a majority acceptance of the principle that inter-governmental War debts are inter-dependent. That principle is perfectly acknowledged secretly (and confidentially as between the U.S. and the British Government) already, as is the equally important truth that America stands in the long run to lose more by payment than by cancellation. For eighteen months the American Government has been flirting with her own intransigents. Now it is up to her to send those suitors packing and make way for the re-establishment of world confidence and trade revival.

MR. CHURCHILL'S RELIEF.

—Mr. Churchill's relief and joy on learning that the grave charges he preferred against Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Derby are found by the unanimous opinion of the Committee of Privileges to be unfounded, must be tremendous. Perhaps only a master of words, like Mr. Churchill, can adequately describe his feelings. He will, no doubt, do so this afternoon. If the performance of Mr. Churchill's clear but painful duty had resulted in any other than a unanimous verdict, the results would have been melancholy in the extreme. The blameless and useful career of Sir Samuel Hoare would have been ended, or at least checked, by his resignation, and Lord Derby's tremendous prestige would have been diminished a little. Thus Mr. Churchill would have been the unwilling cause of bringing down two of his respected colleagues in public life. From that dreadful risk he did not shrink when duty called and happily he is not called on to pay the supreme penalty. Nor are Sir Samuel and Lord Derby. It is very well. The stern daughter of the voice of God sang for once a love ditty. I prophesied at the time that the matter would end in bathos. The public (which does not now expect journalists to be prophets) will decide for itself how it has ended.

A London

BLACKBURN'S CHILDREN—PRE
Lieut.-Colonel Sir Walter

Newsletter

CHEAPER TELEPHONES.—High time, too! We have always been a third-rate Power in the matter of telephones, and to-day we are still ninth in order of telephone facilities. We have improved of course, and the more subscribers who have come in the greater has been the P.O. profit, but we have hitherto benefited no whit from the reduction in overhead. Now at last the residential subscriber, with a cut of 20 per cent., will be better off than his brothers in America, Germany, and Italy. My own quarterly rental for an exclusive residential line has hitherto been £1 11s. 6d. per quarter in advance (I don't quite understand why). Now it is to be, as I understand it, £1, and I take it I may get back any deposit in excess of £1, *if I apply;* but only so. The new subscriber is better off than the pioneer, of course; it is the old parable of the labourers in the vineyard. The pioneer who makes improvements possible is always penalized in the cause of new business. There are new facilities for small subscribers, business and group or otherwise, and certain other concessions. Cheaper car licences, cheaper telephones, lower taxation; here are brighter indications of better times, but of course anything you gain on the swings of public taxation, you lose on the roundabouts of local taxation. It all goes to pay higher and higher local rates to meet the orgy of metalled by-roads and street lighting in country lanes and lidos and so on. The urban district councils in power are determined to make their names smell sweet.

HEIGH-HO! THE WIND AND "THE TEMPEST."—Shakespeare, suitably clad in a robe of sheepskin, would have rejoiced and thrilled to watch the performance of his farewell masterpiece in Regent's Park. The elements and Nature combined in a rude harmony to make the lovely thing—*The Tempest*—magical and ethereal. Boreas whistled and cut like a knife, and in the audience he that had two coats forgot the Christian maxim and wore them for his soul's sake and for his body's. Only those suitably clad for Arctic exploration could appreciate the full beauty of that performance, the light on the trees and the light in the sky and the light of the magical words—"such light as never was on land and sea" or elsewhere in the pages of literature. How lovely and elfin was Miss Pamela Stanley's Miranda, how grave and serene Mr. Drinkwater's Prospero, how magically perfect Mr. French's Ariel. Just beyond the charmed (outer) circle, gross men were calling over Derby runners in bars and beerhouses, but in the charmed and luminous circle of light the loveliest fancies of which the human mind is capable wove their web of dreams, until at last (all too soon for the men in sheepskins) the unsubstantial pageant faded and left not a wrack behind.

SIR WALTER RIDDELL.—The death of Sir Walter Buchanan Riddell at the early age of fifty-five came as a surprise and a severe blow to his large circle of friends many of whom were unaware of his riding accident a few weeks ago. He never looked strong and had been crippled by rheumatism, a disability which he never allowed to interfere with his many activities and interests, sporting and educational. The Riddells, like the Ridleys, are a Border family of great antiquity and Walter Riddell succeeded in 1924 to an old baronetcy and to Hepple in Northumberland. He had a distinguished career at Eton and at the House, where, like his friend Lord Halifax, he made the best of both worlds. He could hunt and carouse with the Bullingdon without endangering a safe "first" in history. Casually, he drifted into an Oxford career after he went down and for a time lectured on History at Hertford, and became Dean of his college, during which period he had much to do with Lord Curzon's reforms. Thence he passed to the Board of Education and to the Great War which took him first to India and then to Siberia. After that he rather surprisingly received and accepted an invitation to become Principal of Hertford. He was a most un-don-like choice and his success was due far more to his social gifts and to his humanity and broadmindedness than to any academic bent. He resigned in 1929 and thereafter divided his time between his home in Northumberland and innumerable Committees on Educational subjects. He married a daughter of the late Lord Cobham and leaves a large family and a host of friends who are playing, as he did, a very important part in preserving all that is best in English social and political life.

JOHN PYM.—Charles Sawyer has been displaying and selling the collection of MSS. begun by John Pym and continued by his sons. Some of them are of interest if not of first-rate interest. There are few autographs of John Pym himself, which is natural. John Pym, always bracketed with, but superseded by, Hampden in public esteem, was probably more able than any one of his great contemporaries who stood for liberty, not excluding Cromwell. But he lacked fire and charm. He left two sons, Alexander and Charles, and the baronetcy conferred on the latter died with his son. John Pym's granddaughter, who married Sir Thomas Hales, succeeded to the inheritance which ultimately was divided between two daughters, one of whom inherited Pym's place, Brymore, and married a Bouverie (first Earl of Radnor). The other married Colonel William Gore, father of the fourth Earl of Arran and passed down to her descendants the only entirely authentic oil portrait of John Pym, now in the possession of Sir Francis Gore. The MSS. came from Brymore.

BRITISH MUSIC'S LOSSES.—In a few months Elgar, Holst, and Delius are all gone from us. Of the three, all of whom had been disappointed by their country's slight recognition of their merits, perhaps Elgar had least cause for disappointment. At least, the *Dream of Gerontius* became a classic in his lifetime. Holst's *The Planets* was recognized by the experts while he lived; but in each case death alone could win for these three the national admiration for their genius for which in life they craved. Delius had been long slowly dying in a foreign land. Blind and unable to use his limbs, he made his last appearance in England a few years ago, and the public saw with compassion the wreck of a national genius. But he deserved our pity far less than he deserved our admiration. To pity a man on sight is to be guilty of a great impertinence. Who dares to pity one who has for consolation a boundless wealth of spiritual resources, love of his art, love of Nature, the mind of a poet which is eternally at its spring?

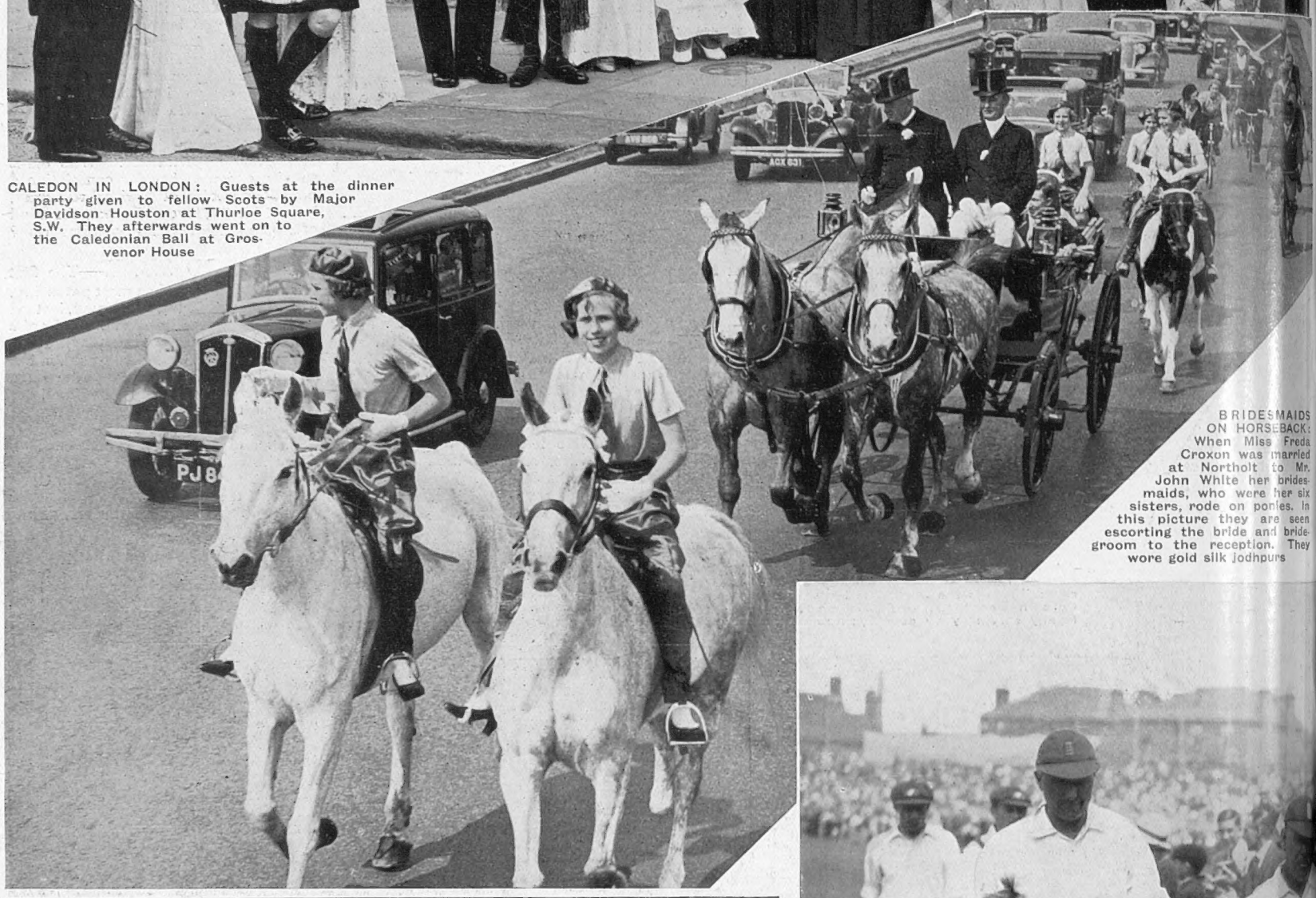
A GOOD START.—The first Test Match I regard as most promising, if only because it has stimulated, instead of diminishing, the interest of the Lord's match (which I propose to attend). It has shown us that in Grimmett Australia has still a bowler to be feared, even on a batsman's wicket; and that with all our strength to draw on, the problem of producing the necessary four super-bowlers and one or more change bowlers, with the vital seven first-rate batsmen, is still a teaser for the Selection Committee, if they are to avoid a tail.

THE OLD STAGER

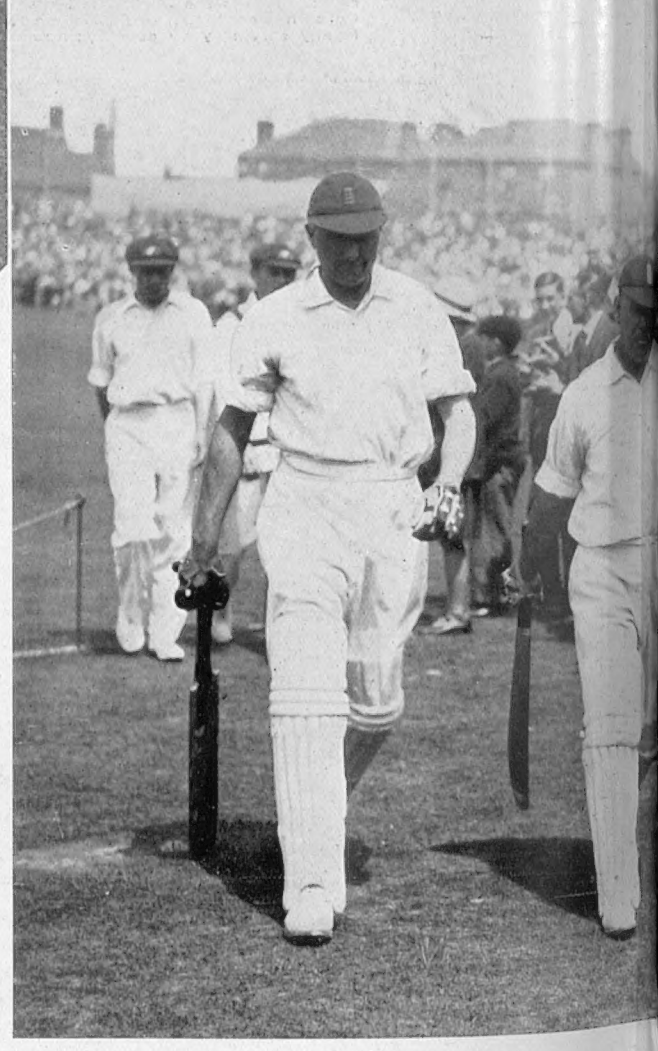
Left—LAST SUNDAY'S REVIEW IN THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The King, accompanied by the Queen, standing at the saluting base as 1,500 members of the Corps of Commissionaires marched past after being inspected. In the course of a short address His Majesty said: "This is the third time I have had the pleasure of inspecting your splendid Corps. The first occasion was in 1899, and since then the Corps has continued to flourish so that it is nearly three times as strong to-day. A few years ago, as sailors, soldiers, and airmen, you were loyally serving your country; now as civilians you are rendering like service. Your distinctive badge inspires confidence and commands universal respect"

CREDIT TO LANCASHIRE: Some of the thousand school-children who were shown round the House of Commons last week by their local Members of Parliament, Smiles and Captain G. S. Elliston. Although they come from a county where there has been more than the average amount of unemployment, these boys and girls are neatly dressed and look extremely healthy

CALEDON IN LONDON: Guests at the dinner party given to fellow Scots by Major Davidson Houston at Thurloe Square, S.W. They afterwards went on to the Caledonian Ball at Grosvenor House



BRIDESMAIDS ON HORSEBACK: When Miss Freda Croxon was married at Northolt to Mr. John White her bridesmaids, who were her six sisters, rode on ponies. In this picture they are seen escorting the bride and bridegroom to the reception. They wore gold silk jodhpurs



On left—THE TEST MATCH: Farnes, the fast bowler who was playing his first game for England, bowling to Ponsford, who made 53 in the first innings and 5 in the second. Altogether Farnes took ten wickets for 179 runs—an excellent performance which should ensure him a place in the next England side

HOME NEWS

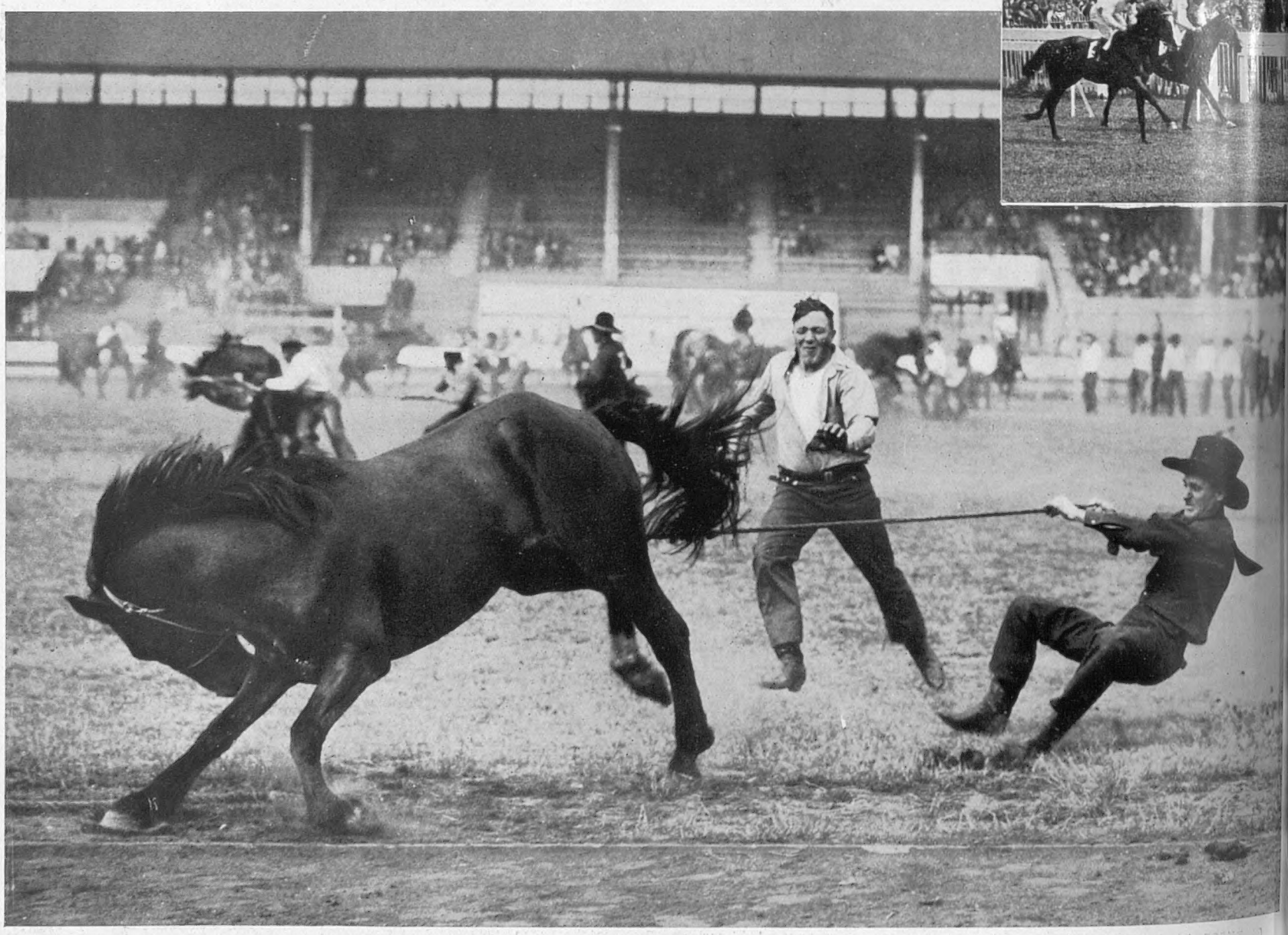
TRAGEDY AT WHIPSNADE: *Above*—The lions which killed Mr. S. L. Stenson, a van driver at the Zoo, when he entered their enclosure in order to retrieve a visitor's cap. Two of the animals seized his arm, and, despite the owner of the cap's efforts to pull him to safety, dragged Stenson into the pit. *On right*—The spot (marked with a cross) where the lions attacked. Their victim had climbed over the low railing on the right

PARTNERS IN A STAND: The Australians made a great start in the 1934 series of Test matches when they won at Nottingham this week by 238 runs. England began badly, and but for Hendren (79) and Geary (53), would have had to follow on. It was significant that most of our star players were unable to deal with Grimmett and O'Reilly, and yet Geary, who is essentially a bowler, scored off them with ease. Right—Police keeping back the vast crowd which encroached on the ground

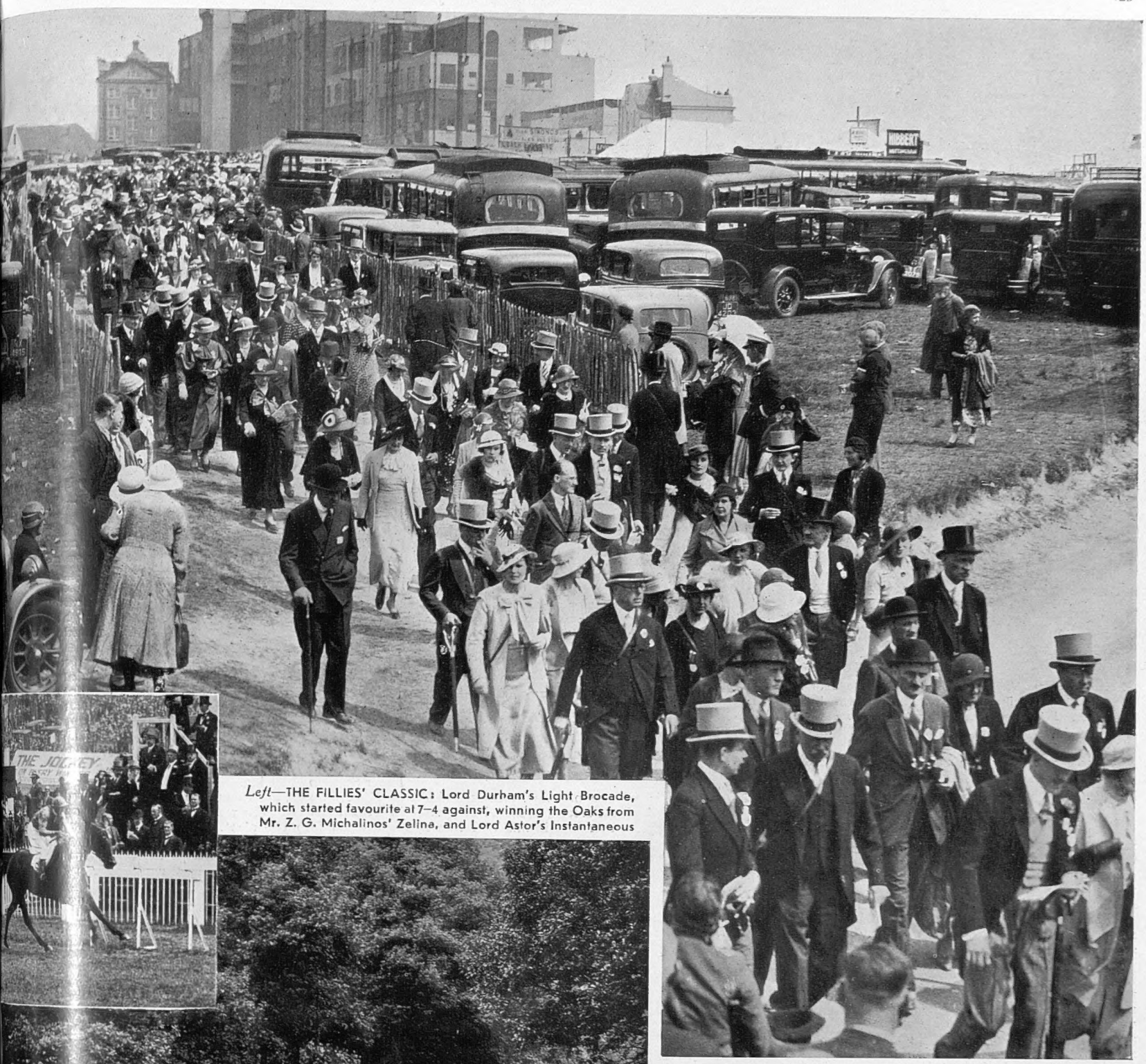
A CROWDED WEEK OF SPORT

The Rodeo at the White City—The Oaks at Epsom—The Hill Climb at Shelsley Walsh

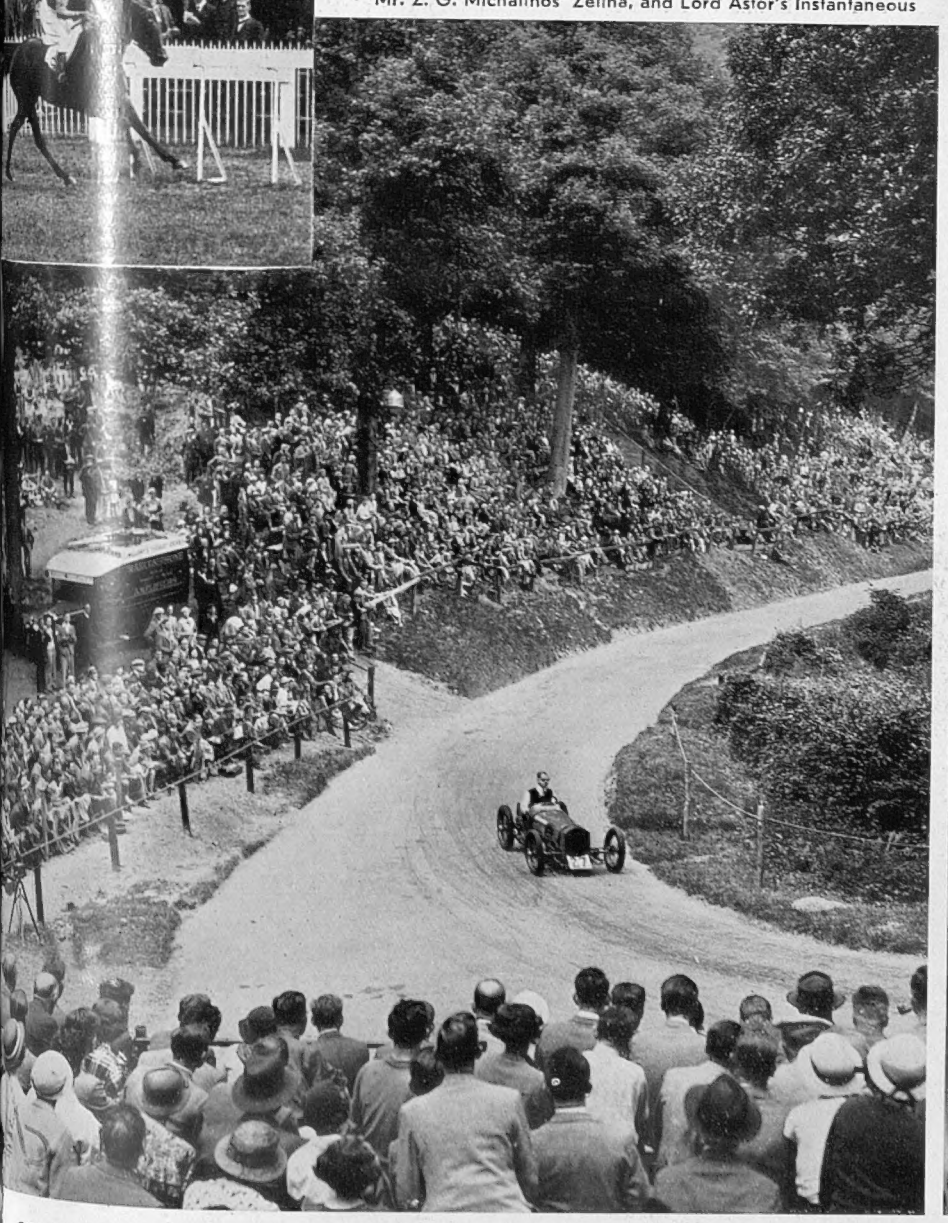
THRILLS AT THE WHITE CITY where Mr. Tex Austin's World Championship Rodeo Contest began last week. This "bucking bronco," whose pet aversion is any form of burden, has just succeeded in unseating his rider, while the mounted judge and two of the ambulance men look on



COWBOYS TRYING TO CAPTURE AND SADDLE AN UNBROKEN HORSE AT THE WHITE CITY RODEO: Thousands of people have been flocking to see these contests which include trick-riding of every description. One of the greatest thrills is Ted Elder's "Suicide Act" in which, standing on the backs of two horses, he jumps over a car



Left—THE FILLIES' CLASSIC: Lord Durham's Light Brocade, which started favourite at 7–4 against, winning the Oaks from Mr. Z. G. Michalinos' Zelina, and Lord Astor's Instantaneous



COMPETITOR TAKING A BEND IN THE SHELSLEY WALSH HILL CLIMB: This event attracted nearly 15,000 spectators who saw Mr. Whitney Straight, the young American driver, win in record time in his single-seater Maserati

LADIES' DAY AT EPSOM: Leaving the course after the finish of the Oaks. The King and Queen, who saw the Derby on the previous Wednesday, were again present

AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR: Mr. J. H. Thomas, Dominions Secretary, who is a keener racegoer than most of his Cabinet colleagues, chatting to a friend in the grandstand at Epsom

In the Land of the Emir Abdullah

The Ruler of Transjordan who is Spending Three Weeks in London as the Guest of the Government

HIS SECOND VISIT TO BRITAIN: The Emir Abdullah leaving for Buckingham Palace, where he was received by the King this week. Accompanying him is Major Northfield, his personal aide-de-camp

TRANSJORDAN, whose ruler, the Emir Abdullah, is now in England as the guest of His Majesty's Government, is one of the youngest States in the world, for it was born, not a product of the Great War itself, but as the result of accidental post-War conditions in Arabia. Only in 1922 did this Emirate become formally recognized and constituted as an independent entity under British mandate.

Yet, of itself, it is very historic territory.

The story of the land that is now predominantly steppe, inhabited largely by semi-nomadic tribes, stretches back to very early times; its pre-history, in fact, has yet to be investigated. The Bible abounds with mention of this land, for in the northern half of modern Transjordan were, in part, the land of Gilead and the Kingdom of Bashan, in the southern half were the Kingdom of Moab and the land of the Edomites, and in its southernmost extremity, at the head of the Gulf of Akaba, was the port of King Solomon.

Moses, indeed, saw Transjordan as intensely as anyone has seen it since, save, possibly, from an aeroplane. His view was detailed in the first three verses of the thirty-fourth chapter of Deuteronomy:

"And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord shewed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan; and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar."

Mount Nebo is still there, though you cannot see the sea from it; Jericho is still there, though oranges rather than palms now constitute its fame. But in essentials the picture still holds good; and it is worth noting that then—some 3,385 years ago—as now, the Israelites coveted Transjordan. The senior tribes wanted the land of Gilead because "the place was a place for cattle." Cattle do not greatly interest the modern Zionists, whose colonizing enterprises so far have been restricted to the territory west of the River Jordan, but their hunger for this particular land remains.

YET that is by the way; it is one of the problems which have to be solved as between the Mandatory Power for Palestine and Transjordan, the Emir Abdullah, and the Zionists.

The point is that stagnation has intervened between the prosperous days of Transjordan and the present. Once it was a considerable granary. Now it is mainly uninhabitable steppe or grazing ground. It has a fertile strip, lying between the Jordan and the desert, but the greater part of the country is given over to pastoralists. I imagine that the possession of it has always had a strategic basis.

Not so much for its own sake, indeed, although it did in ancient times support a far larger population than now, but rather for the sake of the territory lying nearer to the Mediterranean, Western conquerors had perforce to hold Transjordan.

In short, Transjordan in classical times was what it is now, a buffer State, containing the last outposts of civilization against the ever-threatening deserts of Central Arabia. It is a land of the marches, the neighbour of the Syrian and Arabian deserts, the end of "the sown."

Many a conqueror, and above all the Romans and the Crusaders, came to the land and left their mark on it. But always, in time, the desert reasserted its sway. The proud columns would fall, the graceful arches cave in, the viaducts would be ruined, the paved streets become choked with growth; and in the amphitheatres where multitudes of cultured men once applauded, in stadiums where rival spectators lashed themselves to fury, in temples where ancient gods and goddesses were worshipped, in marts where priceless objects were bought and sold, only the howl of the jackal and the whirring of bats' wings would be heard.

So it was at Amman, the Rabbath Ammon of the Bible (also called Philadelphia); so at Jerash, the ancient Gerasa; so at Petra, the "rose-red city half as old as time" of that strange and little-known Semitic merchant community, the Nabateans.

Transjordan is a home of ruins, an archæologist's paradise. Defunct creeds, departed civilizations, extinct peoples—there are in this land traces of them all.

For centuries after the Romans departed Christian communities carried on in Transjordan. But with the defeat of the Crusaders came the decay of all Western civilization in this Islamized land. Under the Saracens and their successors the Turks, the once fair cities of the Decapolis, as far as Transjordan was concerned, dwindled into insignificance. So little, indeed, did the Ottomans account Transjordan, that it had not even the rank of a province. The wondrous city of Petra was absolutely forgotten, to be discovered by a European last century. In immediately pre-War days, Amman, the present capital, was known only or primarily as a station on the Pilgrim Railway from Damascus to Medina.

Then came the British, to essay once more the task which had so far baffled all those who would hold back the sway of the desert from the Jordan and the lands nearer to the Middle Sea. Yet the deliverance, during the Great War, of Biblical lands from the Ottoman yoke was rather accidental, or incidental, than an end in itself. The Allies had conquered these Arab lands, Palestine, Transjordan, Syria, and Iraq. What now to do with them? Were these once renowned territories to be freed from the misrule of Constantinople to be allowed to relapse into anarchy, to become the spoils of the strongest bidder?

THE POST-WAR HISTORY of Arabia is not wholly heartening reading. Everyone knows that the Allies during the War made promises, and that these promises were made to the Arabs, to the Jews, and among the Allies themselves. They are irreconcilable promises, and it might have been better had the attempt never been made to prove that this was not so.

Suffice it to say that whereas Syria was allotted to the French mandate, Iraq to the British mandate (now terminated), Palestine to a British mandate under which a "Jewish National Home" was to be facilitated, the State of Transjordan was created for the twin ends of satisfying the ambitions of the Emir Abdullah, second son of our war-time ally, the late King Hussein of the Hejaz, and of being a buffer State to Palestine.

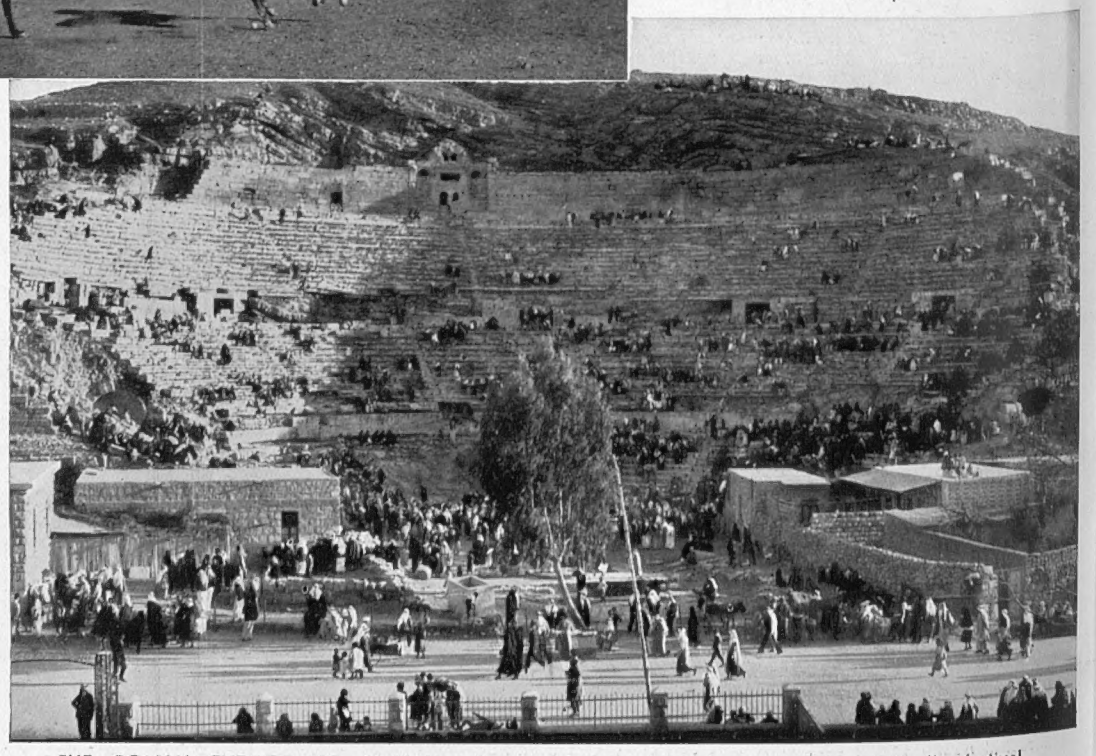
His Highness, the Emir, actually began his rule in Transjordan thirteen years ago. That rule can be divided into two parts. The first lasted from 1921 to 1924. During that time he had an almost completely free hand. True, there were with him a few British officers, but a policy of non-interference was adopted.

The result was unhappy. The State finances got into a tangle, and certain of the less favoured tribes grew disrespectful. Thereupon an administration more in consonance with British ideas of good governance was inaugurated. Transjordan was brought directly under Palestine, and a British Resident at Amman was appointed with the express purpose of keeping a strict eye on the administration.

The resources and therefore the revenue of Transjordan are scanty,

(*Continued on p.* 448)

Left—POLO IN TRANSJORDAN: A game in progress at Amman between members of an R.A.F. bomber squadron



THE ROMAN THEATRE AT AMMAN: A view taken on the occasion of a recent Muslim festival

Stirring Incidents in the Runnymede Pageant

SOLDIERS OF CÆSAR: Clad in cloaks of brilliant scarlet and riding black chargers, the legionaries present a magnificent spectacle as, during the last moments of the episode, they surge across the arena

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY: Miss Veronica Innes arriving to take part in the pageant

THE VIKING INVADERS: The sacking of Chertsey Abbey by the Danes in A.D. 884—another of the many thrilling episodes at Runnymede

KING JOHN AT BAY: The Barons cheer as the harassed monarch sets his seal to the historic document which was destined to be the foundation of English constitutional law

b

TROTSKY IN EXILE

The Unwanted Wanderer on the Run Again

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE GREATEST POLITICAL PARADOX OF THE DAY: Léon Trotsky—menace to Communism in Russia, and Communist menace outside of that land

THE SURPRISING emergence of Léon Trotsky from Barbizon undergrowth has been followed by a no less puzzling fade-out.

Where is Braunstein now? And what may he be doing or contemplating *now?* When shall we hear of him again? And how? Assassinated? Established in South America? A sick man somewhere in France? Or shan't we hear from him at all for quite a while?

There is no gainsaying the fact that Trotsky is a highly dramatic bird. In some ways, perhaps, the most dramatic of the day.

"An out-and-out major nuisance," say all. "Get out of our sight and stay out!"

"I am on a planet without a visa," remarks the unwanted wanderer. And on he passes.

How comes he to be still alive? That, surely, is the first question. Lots of people would have removed the ex-Kaiser round armistice time, yet it is doubtful if any man has ever been a more clearly designated "murderee" than Trotsky. Even at this late day one can determine a good four agencies that might be expected to go out actively after his person. The Czarist Russians, avenging the hecatomb over which Trotsky was notably involved; the Terrorists whom he ruthlessly suppressed after the Bolshevik triumph; common-or-garden Fascists of the day; and betrayed comrades of the Third International upon which Trotsky has trampled. With such extremists presumably wishing his blood, Trotsky has succeeded in living seven post-War years in exile, his only casualty in that time a burnt-out library on Prinkipo.

HE HAS TRAVELLED across Europe from the Soviet's slammed door, and up from Turkey to Scandinavia. He has sampled the Riviera and Corsica and French Atlantic *plages*. Has landed at Naples and been smuggled ashore at Marseilles. Lectured in Copenhagen, and returned to the Marmora via Dunkirk and Paris. This past year he has many times been furtively in and out of the latter city, from his forest retreat. And he still breathes, although he probably came nearer to not doing so than ever he has done in his life when for days and nights eager news-reel men dug themselves in at Barbizon; since any White Russian action there staged—I said staged—must have gained little save applause and certain acquittal.

But Trotsky slipped away, eel-like, at the start. And why not? He has been at this sort of thing ever since 1901, has in the years between known most of Europe and the U.S. as refugee. Siberia was a joke to him; he once got away by reindeer across the snows. He is used to being hunted, spied upon, ever moved on. (We moved him on once too often, to Russia, in '17.) He has been arrested for doing nothing more than admire the masterpieces of the Prado. And now, at fifty-six, he is well and truly on the run again; perhaps, this time, as he has never been before, since the French are said to be annoyed at having had their famous hospitality so pointedly turned against them when every other country said, "No, thank you!" Yes, but why did the Radical-Socialist Government of 1933 allow this barred one surreptitiously to settle in France? What was the game? Surely not sympathy for Trotsky as malaria sufferer in the Prinkipo summer? I know nothing, but *have* heard that the notion was to use Trotsky to split the Paris Communist Party, that ever-menacing "Red Belt."

UNWANTED: Trotsky landing secretly at Marseilles en route from Naples to Copenhagen. During his seven years in exile he has wandered all over Europe

Whatever way you look at it, Trotsky's is a picture of remarkable luck, streaked with no little daring, in that he is such a very recognizable person. He may have altered since the world knew his every feature, as "Foxtrotsky," in the wake of 1917, yet his military stride and shoulders, arrogance of mien, shock of upstanding fair-white hair, little goatee, spectacles, combine to label him easily enough for any primed and lurking trigger-finger. Here is this universal outlaw at the head (as he says) of his "little sect," and he does make you think, however fleetingly and however overworked the Napoleonic connection, of that other rebel with a world against him who faced the guard at Laffrey after landing at the head of a quite tiny "sect" at Golfe Juan. I am not thinking so much of the obvious linking factor of Trotsky's greatest work, his moulding of a revolutionary army, and successful use of it against a circle of invaders (after all, Trotsky never showed a sign of Rivoli genius), as of the tremendous dream that this Jew now harbours, and of the chance that he, too, may finish on a remote island

More than one reliable adherent was able to talk with Trotsky at Royan and Barbizon in latter times, and one or two of these are now beginning to talk, in turn, themselves . . .

EVEN as Lenin's erstwhile right hand is the political paradox of the day — menace to communism in Russia and communist menace outside of that land—so in the flesh he startles visitors by the contrasting types he evokes. He may greet the intruder, "cold and barricaded, obviously wary and on the look-out." And there will be "a sharp decision in the man's voice, a dominance of utterance and abrupt gesture suggesting he has never shaken off military reviews in the Red Square." "His cold, clear blue eyes and solidly set-up figure," also recall the soldier leader. And then that type suddenly merges into the literary man, the suave professor surrounded by his books and at work at his desk. The intellectual head and pallor, the smooth insistence on clarity at all costs, the play of irony and humour, above all, the quiet philosophical outlook on his personal fortunes—quiet despite intermittent moments of intense emotion when "he glows white hot"—belong wholly to the academic realm. Trotsky is well aware of his duality, and talks about it, and he very far from thinks himself a has-been.

"By natural inclination I have nothing in common with seekers after adventure. I am rather pedantic and conservative in my habits . . . I cannot endure disorder or destruction. I was always an accurate and diligent schoolboy, and I have preserved these two qualities all my life. The desire for study has never left me. Many times I have felt that the revolution was interfering with my systematic work."

Had he been born in tranquil times, Trotsky must have made his mark in literature and in the university life. Despite what he has done, is doing, and may yet do in the realm of violent thought, word, and deed, this firebrand is at heart a searcher after quiet in order that he may live a writer's life. But that is not in his stars.

When misfortune overtook him at Barbizon, consequent on his despatch-rider proceeding without a light—on such trifles may hang history-in-the-womb—Trotsky was fairly basking in his pet element as lover of Nature and the countryside, of flowers and trees and birds. Barbizon! Home of Millet! In springtime, no setting could have been more serene for study. Yet what was this brilliant outcast up to? He was up to the eyes in what he believes to be the crowning and final chapter of his other, his turbulent self: launching the Fourth International. He had gone thirty years in reverse and was doing precisely what he and Lenin had jointly done at the beginning of the century when they laboured in a small way contributing articles to obscure publications from London, Geneva, Paris, anywhere they currently were keeping below surface; now, as then, he was editing pamphlets, seeing adherents, formulating addresses, card-indexing early sympathies, even answering correspondents. Spade work. He who had been the second mightiest name in the greatest revolution was back again at that sort of thing.

BUT THE MAN is so chockful of confidence, so boisterously certain the world is one day going his way, that such a re-beginning is no heart-breaking matter, completely the reverse. He has seen the new light now more luminously than he saw any past light in Montparnasse or in Soho. His challenge to Stalin's Third International may at present be nothing but the tip of the Leftest Communist wing, but in Trotsky's vision it is the seed of the world revolution. He is not working for his own lifetime; he makes that quite clear. He sees his international socialism one day taking root through Europe after chaos has first swept by in the wake of warring, and of the final breakdown of the existing private profit economic system. That is his occasion, and he is prepared to work for it, however distant. He is, or was until recently, preparing to bequeath his legacy, as Marx did in the 'eighties, but filled with many more practical items than old Karl's.

Just what may this legacy be? Trotsky says, or rather lays it down: "The Third International has collapsed because Stalin so ordered it that the internal state of Russia was the first consideration as against the promotion of revolution beyond its borders. Socialism cannot prevail unless over all frontiers. It is no use breaking the capitalistic system in one country, however immense. The real change can only be brought about by revolution

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Geneva—Paris—Berlin Rome

HAPPENINGS IN FOUR CITIES

TO CELEBRATE THE FIFTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF GARIBALDI, the Garibaldians mounted guard outside the Fascist Exhibition in Rome. The officer on the right is a descendant of the great Italian liberator

A CLASH AT GENEVA: M. Avenol and M. Barthou, the French Foreign Minister. The latter's uncompromising attitude on the disarmament question has created a deadlock in the present discussions. He has been termed the leader of the "Security Group," which includes Russia, and appears to be intent upon building up a system of defensive alliances against Germany. M. Barthou's remarks on one occasion last week drew a heated reply from Mr. Henderson, the President of the Conference

WHERE FEELING RUNS HIGH: Two of the many large yellow posters which have been appearing on hoardings in Paris as a protest against the payment of war debts to America

ARMLETS AND THE MAN! All uniformed guards in Germany now wear a special armlet indicating under whose direction they are working. These men are in the service of General Goering, the Prussian Premier

OLYMPIAN HERO

Veteran Chargers which will Parade To

TAFFY: Mr. S. B. Gillett's veteran war charger is now thirty years old. He was mobilized as a pack pony in August 1914 with the East Riding of Yorkshire Yeomanry. In 1915 he was in Egypt, where he served in the Western Desert Campaign, while from March, 1917, onwards he was in action in Palestine and Syria. His grateful country then decided to confer on him "the Order of the Bullet," but happily he caught the eye of Mr. Gillett and is now pensioned off

BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. S. OWEN'S SALLY: This beautiful mare served throughout the War, and ever since has been hunted with the Llangibby and other packs. She landed at Rouen on August 11, 1914, as Adjutant's charger in the 2nd Battalion, Royal Welch Fusiliers, and took part in the retreat from Mons, the advance to the Aisne, and the battle of the Marne. In 1915 she was wounded by shrapnel on the Somme, and in 1918 took part in the final advance prior to the Armistice

CAMOUFLAGE: This veteran, owned by Dr. Body of Tenterden, Kent, was wounded in the hip by a shell splinter in 1916 but, apart from this, was neither sick nor lame during the whole of his war service. Since 1919 he has been hunted regularly and, according to his owner, is still a first-class performer

SHE SERVED AT YPRES, ALBERT, ARRAS, Allcard's Angelina, a beautiful dark bay mare is at least twenty-six, but she still hunts Angelina went to France in May, 1915,

MAJOR F. C. G. NAUMANN'S BRUTUS: He took part with his the remainder of the War. They were in France and Flanders the last week of the War Brutus crashed into barbed wire to go to Cologne, however, and

ES OF THE WAR

ogether at the International Horse Show

THE SOMME AND ARMENTIÈRES: Mr. R. [illegible] of uncertain age. There is no doubt that she [illegible] regularly with the Crawley and Horsham. and returned to England four years later

owner in the battle of Loos in October, 1915, and carried him for for the greater part of the time, but fought in Italy in 1917. During in a night advance, and sustained a nasty injury. He was fit enough has since hunted for seven seasons

GREY BUTTON: Went to France in January, 1916, where he served in the Royal Scots Greys. He took part in the battle of the Somme, was wounded at Arras, and was wounded again in the final advance in 1918. His troubles were well over when he was bought out of the army by Mr. J. P. Walker of Moyns Park, Halstead, Essex

A HAPPY PENSIONER WITH A GREAT RECORD: Mick, a glossy-coated bay, is thirty years old. He has four medals, the Red White and Blue, the Allied, the Victory, and the Long Service. From May, 1913, to July, 1915, he was stationed in Portsmouth at the Southern Command Headquarters. In 1915 he was on the Western front, and by Christmas of that year was on the high seas en route for Salonika, where he saw service throughout 1916. At the conclusion of hostilities Mick was stationed successively in Dublin (1919–20), in Belfast (1920–21), and in Portsmouth (1921–23)

AN OLD CONTEMPTIBLE: Mons was attached to the 20th Hussars, and went out to France with the regiment in August, 1914. He remained there until the summer of the following year, and then returned to England to be used for training recruits. In 1919 he was sold at an army disposal sale. His owner, Mrs. L. Train of Chalfont St. Peter, took him out cub-hunting at the beginning of last season

WOUNDED THREE TIMES: Mr. A. E. Leach's Bessie, who will parade at Olympia with her inseparable companion, Toby, a dog. Bessie is about twenty-four years old. She served with distinction in the Dragoon Guards from October, 1914, to February, 1919. Of Toby there are no biographical details available, but it is suspected that he once travelled with a Punch and Judy show

LONDON'S OLDEST WINDOWS

A Remarkable Discovery at Clifford's Inn

THE OLD HALL OF CLIFFORD'S INN in which have been discovered relics of fourteenth-century London hitherto unrecorded in any official survey. These finds include two Gothic windows

AN ANCIENT DOORWAY: Another example of fourteenth century architecture at Clifford's Inn. The archway is split, but of its early Gothic character there can be no doubt

THE RECENT ANNOUNCEMENT that ancient Clifford's Inn was in imminent danger of disappearing drew the attention of THE SPHERE once again to this oasis of old-world charm.

A rumour that the Hall of the Inn contained some ancient work led to a very interesting discovery, namely that in this building there exist two windows which date from the fourteenth century. There are older examples in ecclesiastical buildings, but these two in Clifford's Inn may be said to be the oldest forming part of any domestic building now standing in London.

It was only after ancient partitions were penetrated that these windows came into view. With considerable difficulty they were at length photographed for THE SPHERE. The existence of these fragments of early medieval London was known to the inner councils of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, but no record of them appears in any of the official survey volumes dealing with ancient London. THE SPHERE's camera is the first to picture these unique relics.

Clifford's Inn has recently been acquired by Town Investments, Ltd., and the tenants have been given three months' notice to quit. So this historic inn will disappear from London and its place will be taken by large blocks of flats and chambers, for residential and professional use, which will be connected to Chancery Lane by a new road. But a small section of the inn seems likely to remain for, at any rate, a few years longer to remind us of past history. When the Record

CLIFFORD'S INN GATEWAY which is closed annually in order to prevent it from becoming a right of way

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED SINGLE LIGHT GOTHIC WINDOWS: They undoubtedly date from the fourteenth century and are, as far as is known, the only domestic windows that have survived from the time of Edward III

Drawn by Harold Nelson

THE OLD HALL AS IT NOW APPEARS: Some years ago the western end was partly demolished, and it has remained in this condition ever since. The tower of St. Dunstan's in the West can be seen in the background

Office was built, Nos. 17, 16, and part of 15, Clifford's Inn were acquired by the Office of Works with a view to the possible enlargement of the Record Office at some future date. These are still the property of the Office of Works, and there is no intention of pulling them down at present, with the exception of No. 15, which is now owned jointly by the Office of Works and Town Investments, Ltd., the latter apparently having the right to pull it down if they wish. It was on the second floor of No. 15 that Samuel Butler lived from 1864 until his death, and there he wrote *Erewhon*, *The Way of All Flesh*, and most of his other books.

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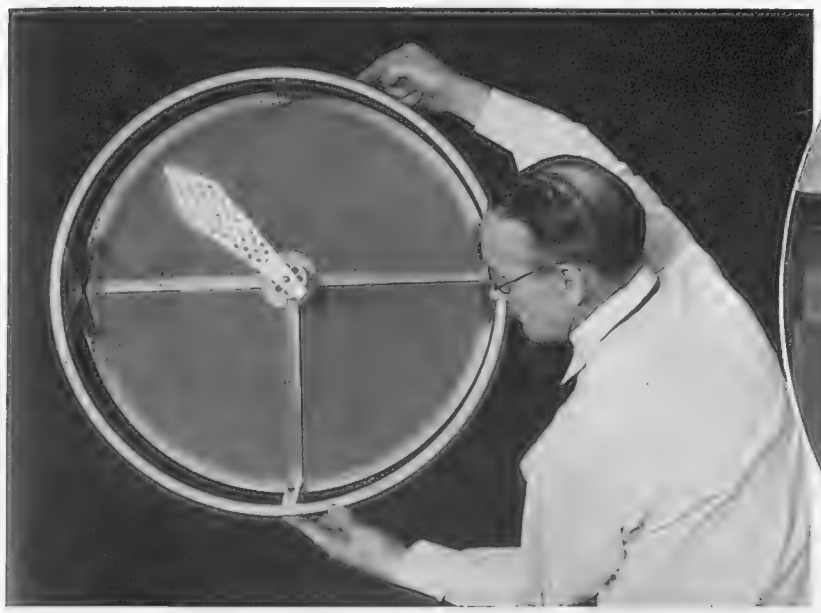
INTO *the* STRATOSPHERE

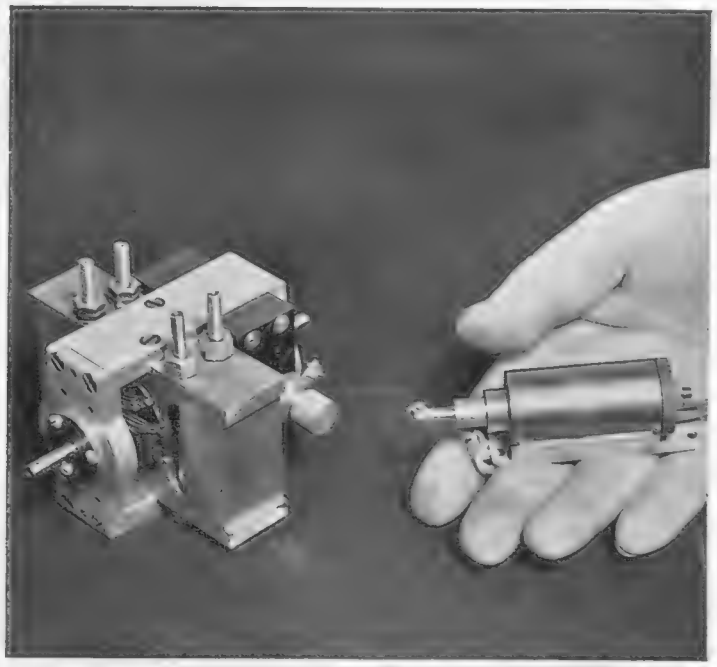
America's Attempt on the World's Altitude Record



A FLIGHT INTO SPACE: This giant thermometer and dial will be part of the equipment of the balloon in which Major William E. Kepner and Captain Albert W. Stevens will attempt to rise fifteen miles above the earth. The instrument, which is being made at Dayton, Ohio, will be read through a vertical window in the gondola and will record the temperature of the hydrogen gas—a vital factor in balloon navigation. The flight is sponsored by the National Geographic Society and the United States Army Air Corps, and is due to take place this summer. All the pictures on this page show the work of making and assembling the various parts of the gondola and envelope

THE GONDOLA: This is made of light magnesium alloy and is under construction at the factory of the Dow Chemical Company at Midland, Michigan. The flyers will be sealed in with a supply of air, but the manhole (seen on the left) is so constructed that it can be quickly opened

PIECING TOGETHER THE FABRIC OF THE GREAT BALLOON at the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation's factory in Akron, Ohio. The sections of rubber-impregnated cloth, held down with 10-lb. lead weights, are joined with rubber cement. Altogether three acres of cloth are being employed in the making of this envelope which, when complete, will be one of the largest in the world. When walking on the fabric the workers wear special cloth shoes to prevent the delicate surface from sustaining any injury



TWO OF THE AUTOMATIC DEVICES WHICH WILL OPERATE IN THE GONDOLA DURING THE FLIGHT, and thus allow the airmen to busy themselves with matters of greater importance. The little motor on the left, in which is incorporated a new alloy of extraordinary magnetic quality, can achieve up to 7,000 revolutions a minute, and will operate the solenoid (right) which is used for working the camera shutters

THE CATENARY BAND: This girdle will be cemented to the fabric near the top of the 3,000,000-cubic-foot balloon, and through the loops will pass the ropes by which the ground crew will handle the huge bag as it is being filled with hydrogen gas. A similar girdle will encircle the envelope just below "the equator," and will provide the means of support for the gondola and its load of men and instruments

TIN: The Handmaiden of Many Industries — Where it comes from and How it is Produced

By Charles Graves

OF ALL METALS, tin has always been the most abused. It has quite undeservedly become synonymous with cheapness and stridency. Tin Lizzies and Tinny Voices are cases in point.

The only exception to the general attitude of the public towards this metal is the slang phrase of "tin" for money, and even that has died out except at a few schools. And yet it is tin which turns brass into bronze. It is tin which produces the tone in church bells (the more tin, the higher the note). It was tin that brought the Phœnicians West. It was tin which gave us our Roman civilization.

Tin, in fact, is as ancient a metal as aluminium is new. And yet it has more modern applications than almost any other. It is safe to say that without tin three of the greatest modern industries—those of motor cars, electricity, and canning—would be impossible. And what about flying? The bearings of an aeroplane engine contain 93 per cent. tin. People think of tin in terms of tin-cans and tinfoil. They regard it as base and inferior. Not that the big tin mining interests care a jot; but really it is a semi-precious metal.

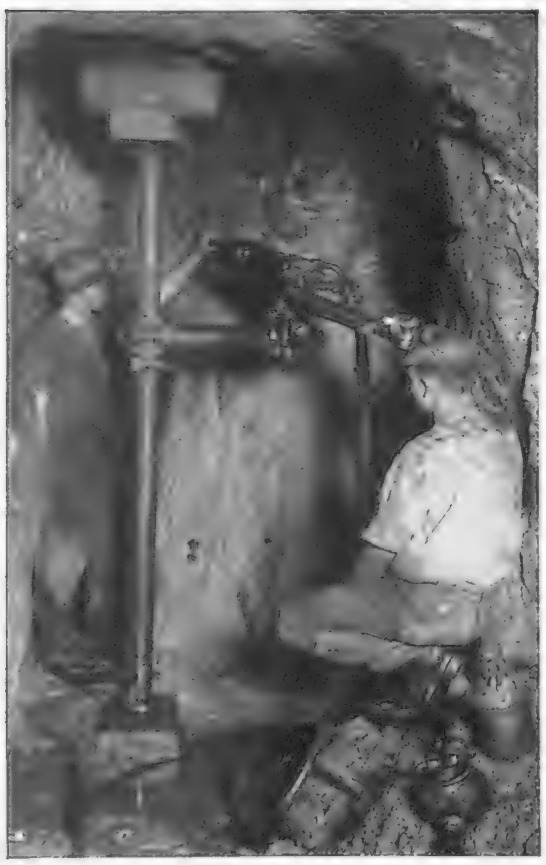
Its great importance to modern civilization is that it is non-tarnishable, non-toxic, and melts easily. Moreover, it takes a high polish. In consequence, it is largely used to coat other metals to prevent them from rusting or corroding. Tin is also, of course, used to line copper vessels and lead pipes to prevent these poisonous metals from dissolving and contaminating foods and water. In Great Britain alone the number of canning firms has increased from ten to eighty-four in the past seven years. Russia—that backward country—made 207,000,000 cans of food in 1929. Within three years this figure jumped to 743,000,000.

Every motor car has at least 7 lb. of tin in its bearings and in the solder used in the radiator. Indeed, the more powerful the engine, the more tin it contains. Refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, and all kinds of domestic appliances worked by electricity also need tin in some form or another.

But where does it come from? And how much is produced every year? The answer is that there are five major producing countries. The Malay States, Bolivia, the Dutch East Indies, Siam, and Nigeria produce 90 per cent. of the world's supplies.

A MALAYAN MINE: The alluvial, which contains from 5 to 60 lbs. of tin-stone to the cubic yard of gravel, is extracted and washed in various simple sluicing appliances. This removes the lighter clay, sand, and stones, and leaves behind the tin-stone containing about 65 to 75 per cent. of metallic tin. The structure seen in this picture is used for obtaining a head of water for washing the alluvial

A GIANT ELECTRICALLY-OPERATED TIN DREDGER: It floats on the river and can be moved from place to place



PREPARATIONS FOR BLASTING: Work in progress in a Cornish tin mine, where the metal runs in veins in the granite

Poor little Cornwall with its 1,300 tons is entirely negligible, although there is one company operating 416 acres near St. Just which paid a 20 per cent. dividend (making it up to 27½ per cent. for the year) only recently. But, fortunately, there are ample reserves of tin in the world despite the increase in the canning and motor car industries.

Fifty years ago the world production was less than 40,000 tons a year. This rose to 130,000 tons just before the War, and even in 1920, when the price rose for a day to £419 10s. per ton, 120,000 tons were produced. Thereafter things became chaotic. Nearly 200,000 tons were produced in 1929, and the price veered like a lunatic shuttlecock. At last, after four years of negotiation, the four leading countries got together and effected a curtailment of output.

WHEN the control was first introduced on March 1, 1931, the available world stocks of visible tin stood at a trifle over 51,000 tons, but they were increasing from month to month at an alarming rate, and the monthly average price was only £118 a ton. By the end of the first year the International Tin Pool had segregated 21,000 tons and the price had risen £21 a ton. On March 1, 1933, the Pool was still holding its 21,000 tons and the price had advanced another £10. Three months later it had gone up to £200 a ton. Thereafter the Pool started to liquidate its holdings, and by March 1 of this year stocks were down to 27,000 tons, including a small balance remaining from the Pool, and the average price for the year was £208 per ton. To-day, as I write, it stands at £225, and for the first time in years there has been a measurable period of price stability so essential to the tin mining interests, to its consumers and, indeed, to the world in general.

Tin is the handmaiden of any number of industries, and acts as an excellent thermometer of their healthiness. Thus, the tinplate mills of America have operated at a very high rate this year, up to as much as 80 per cent. of capacity, in fact, compared with 40 per cent. last December. Indeed, the demand for cans used for tobacco, cigarettes, paint, lubricating oil, milk, candy, baby foods, floor polishes, cocoa, coffee, and all general uses other than fruit, meat, fish, and cereals, is remarkably heavy when one realizes that the nation has not yet fully recovered from the effects of the depression. The production of food cans has also been on a large scale in preparation for the canning season, when a very large "pack" is anticipated. As to the motor car industry, although the statistics for 1933 do not show so great an improvement as those recorded by the tinplate, progress has been very encouraging, and there is every expectation of a total production this year of at least 3,000,000 new vehicles. The increase in the United Kingdom is also going to be very marked. None the less, taken collectively, the building, electrical, and other industries exercise an important influence on the demand for tin, and throughout the world Governments are busy evolving vast plans for public works, for house building, and slum clearance.

Individual industries may consume relatively little tin, but their requirements amount in the aggregate to very important quantities.

Does this mean that the price of tin will be allowed to rise? The answer, generally speaking, is in the negative. The tin mining interests are anxious now to increase consumption of their metal rather than to put up the price. For this purpose, incidentally, they have founded an International Tin Research and Development Council. Five nations share in the £28,500 a year fund directed to the improvement of existing methods of using tin, and for the discovery and development of others. Every month the International Tin Committee meets in London, the Hague, or Paris for two or three days. They met in London the week before last.

I have no intention of dealing with tin from the point of view of speculation either in shares on the Stock Exchange, or in dealings on the London metal market. One can point out, however, that while vagaries, restrained though they are, still seem to be considerable in the price per ton, they really are not so large as would appear. It should be remembered that a rise or fall of £10 or £20 per ton in tin is only equivalent to 1d. or 2d. a lb. If you compare rubber, therefore, with tin, you will find that from 1915 to this year, which involves the peak points for both commodities, the highest price for rubber was 4s. 8d. and the lowest 1⅛d. (roughly), whereas tin has only varied from 10¾d. a lb. to 3s. 9d.

AS TO the methods of working tin, there are six different ways. The first is open cast mining with trucks or by hand labour only; the second is gravel pumping with or without water under pressure; the third is hydraulicing (*sic*), which means using water by natural or artificial pressure or without pressure. Then come dredging, shafting, or panning. In Cornwall the tin is in lodes in the granite. Shafts have to be drilled, then dynamite is used to blast it out, the broken pieces are hauled to the surface, taken to a mill, and crushed by steam stamps. When this has been done, a kind of muddy pulp, which is all that remains, is allowed to run over tables. Water is applied. The heavier minerals remain; the others are washed off. The residue is then sold once a month to the big smelting companies in Liverpool.

Between 300 and 400 Cornishmen are employed at a single mine at St. Just. It is only twenty years old or so, and the work is carried out about 1,000 ft. below the surface. This is in contrast to the old Levant mine next door at which the Phœnicians, the Romans, and all kinds of medieval miners had a cut. Work ceased there ultimately only four years ago, proof once again that tin is the oldest British metal.

NESTING TIME

Three Interesting Studies at Close Quarters

THE FARMER'S FRIEND

A peewit, with her brooding feathers extended, settling on her eggs. This bird feeds on worms, molluscs, insects, etc., and makes a very poor nest which amounts to little more than a slight depression in the ground. The eggs are now protected

The Peewit, the Moorhen, and the Long-Tailed Tit

WITH A TAIL AS LONG AS ITS BODY: A long-tailed tit beside its nest. This beautiful oval structure of moss and wool, which took three weeks to build, is covered externally with lichens and profusely lined with feathers

A MOORHEN APPROACHING ITS NEST: This bird lives by ponds and streams, and generally makes its nest of matted reeds and sedges among the thick vegetation near the water's edge. It produces two, or even three, broods in a season, and the young from the first nest assist their parents in taking care of the second brood

NATIVE RULERS

Java's Quasi-Independent Princes—Courts whe

THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR OF DJOKJAKARTA, ONE OF JAVA'S PRINCIPAL NATIVE STATES: He is an uncle of the Sultan Hamangku Buwono VIII, and acts in conjunction with the Dutch Resident in the management of State affairs. He is greatly interested in music and has his own orchestra

WHERE THE SUSUHUNAN LIVES IN ORIENTAL POMP AND STATE: A scen Surakarta. Here East and West blend in amazing fashion and tail co likely to be encountered as bodies bared to the waist. Note the gorgeo on the right

A TROUPE OF JAVANESE DANCERS: They usually perform in the open air and depend largely on t of passers-by. Music is another of the accomplishments which the islanders have brought to a perfection. To a great extent, this has been due to the encouragement given by the n

THE TWO SONS OF THE SUSUHUNAN (EMPEROR) OF SURAKARTA: Pangeran Sumoproto and Pangeran Djatikusumo. The latter has just returned from Holland, where he has served for several years in a cavalry regiment

THE STORY of the rise of Central Java's four native States is an enthralling one, and dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Following the fall of the Empire of Madjapahit in A.D. 1500 and the expulsion of the Hindus, Java was involved in a series of disastrous wars for supremacy. In fact it was over a hundred years before Raden Mas Rangsang succeeded in gaining a firm hold and in becoming master of the central portion of the island. From 1627 onwards he reigned under the name of Sultan Hamangku Buwono I, and by his wisdom and foresight created another great empire, at the same time bringing his people to a high state of civilization.

The peace, however, was not of long duration. Province after province seceded, and finally a relation of the Emperor named Mangku Bumi made an alliance with his cousin, Mas Sajid, and attempted to seize the throne. In this he was partially succ Indian Company persuaded the cons struggle by dividing the empire Hamangku Buwono was made rul the western portion, and Mangku Surakarta, the eastern portion. Ma was highly dissatisfied. He had fo reward.

So he continued the war in guer brought about a further division of t enthroned as Mangku Negoro I.

For some years the position remai Stamford Raffles, the English Governo sary to create another State whi political counterweight to Djokjakarta sent an expedition there and made

(Cont

OF A TROPIC ISLE

where Oriental Pomp and Western Customs Intermingle

A scene inside the Kraton (palace) at ... tail coats and white ties are just as ... gorgeous uniform of the court official

A HIGH NOBLEMAN: His scanty attire is in vivid contrast to the elaborate uniforms worn by the Emperor of Surakarta. He is standing before the main entrance to the palace

PRINCE PAKU ALAM VI OF PAKU ALAMAN: One of the four native rulers of Central Java. He was educated largely on Western lines, is an accomplished linguist, and, in common with his contemporaries, is greatly interested in the arts. His palace is in the old city of Djokjakarta

...ly on the free-will offerings ... to a remarkable degree of ... the native rulers

THIRTEEN DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPEROR OF SURAKARTA: This ruler, who bears the name of Paku Buwono X, which means "Axis of the Earth," has been reigning for thirty-six years. He is descended from the Princes of Mataram who in the sixteenth century were the overlords of Central Java. He has many wives, and one who bears the title of Consort

...lly successful as the East ... combatants to end the ...empire into two parts. ...le ruler of Djokjakarta, ...angku Bumi was given ...n. Mas Sajid, however, ...had fought and won no

... guerilla fashion until he ...on of the empire and was

... remained unaltered until ...Governor, deemed it neces- ... which would act as a ...jakarta. Accordingly, he ... made the south-eastern

(Continued on p. 436)

AN OFFICIAL VISIT: Susuhunan Paku Buwono X, Emperor of Surakarta, receiving the Dutch Governor at Surakarta railway station. With him are noblemen of his court

THE ENLIGHTENED RULER OF MANGKU NEGARAN AND HIS CONSORT: Prince Mangku Negoro VII spent several years studying in Europe and since his return has done much to assist the advancement of art and science in Java. His wife is a step-sister of the Sultan of Djokjakarta

OPENING A PUBLIC BUILDING IN THE CITY OF SURAKARTA: The Emperor and his wife engaged on their daily round of official duties. [Surakarta has a population of over 100,000, only 2,000 of whom are Europeans]

Native Rulers of a Tropic Isle

(Continued from p. 435)

portion into a separate State which was called Paku Alaman.

To-day the rulers of these four States still retain many of their old privileges, but not their power, for they are bound by treaty to obey the Dutch East Indian Government.

At the present moment the heads of these States are: Susuhunan Paku Buwono X of Surakarta, Sultan Hamangku Buwono VIII of Djokjakarta, Paku Alam VI of Paku Alaman, and Mangku Negoro VII of Mangku Negaran.

Possibly the most interesting personality is Sultan Hamangku Buwono VIII, who for the past nine years has reigned over Djokjakarta. His long sojourn in Europe gives him an added dignity, while the simplicity of his life is in strange contrast to the "pomp and circumstance" obtaining at the court of Surakarta. He is passionately interested in the old Javanese art, and the dancing and musical entertainment which he provided on the occasion of the jubilee of the Queen of Holland reached a remarkably high peak of excellence.

Prince Mangku Negoro VIII, who has reigned over Mangku Negaran for the last decade or more, was also partly educated on Western lines.

This ruler, who is an accomplished linguist and is an honorary president of the Java Institute, has gathered round him many brilliant scientists and artists, and works ceaselessly in the fostering of the native art. His Consort, Ratu Timor, shares his enthusiasms and is extremely popular with the people.

Susuhunan Paku Buwono X of Surakarta is now sixty-seven years of age and has reigned for about thirty-six years. He is the eldest and richest of the native princes. There are many who say that he is distrustful and reticent in the presence of Europeans. This may or may not be true, but he certainly has good cause for his reserve as, on account of his great wealth, many have taken or have attempted to take advantage of him. To those whom he knows well he is the soul of hospitality, and the writer has cause to remember him thankfully for all the assistance he gave during a stay in his capital.

His consort, Ratu Mas, is a step-sister of Sultan Hamangku Buwono VIII and invariably accompanies him on his round of official duties and on his State visits. Her graceful treatment of Europeans has won her the esteem of all who have visited the Royal palace.

Prince Paku Alam VI, who is the head of the newest of the four native States, also had an European education and can speak several languages. His consort is a daughter of the Sultan.

The daily life at the courts of the princes does not offer very much variety. In important matters of State the Imperial Chancellors invariably take the lead, and carry out all negotiations with the Dutch Governor.

The old traditions are rigorously adhered to, and life in the palaces consists largely of ceremonial. At all festivities, official receptions, weddings, and funerals, every detail is arranged on traditional lines. The court officers for this reason are often at a loss what to do when Europeans are present at these ceremonies. Nearly all the princes and their sons fill military ranks in the Dutch East Indian Army. In fact, Susuhunan Paku Buwono was given the highest honour ever bestowed on a native ruler when, on the occasion of the Queen of Holland's Jubilee, he was promoted to General-Lieutenant.

T. A.

Landmarks in the History of Java

1500: Fall of the powerful Empire of the Hindu Prince, Madjapahit.

1511: Java discovered by the Portuguese.

1595: Landing of the Dutch on the island.

1619: Building of Batavia, the capital.

1627: Sultan Hamangku Buwono I made Emperor of Mataram.

1740: Massacre of 20,000 natives by the Dutch.

1755: The Empire of Mataram divided into two States, Surakarta and Djokjakarta.

1757: Central Java again divided and Mangku Negoro I made ruler of a portion of Surakarta.

1811: Java capitulated to the British and Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles was made Lieutenant-Governor. He completely reformed the internal administration of the island.

1814: The island restored to Holland by Treaty.

1822: 114 villages destroyed and 4,000 lives lost as a result of a volcanic eruption.

1825: A native insurrection in Djokjakarta under Dipa Negara. The struggle lasted until 1830 when the rebels submitted to the Dutch authorities.

CONTEMPORARY HUNGARIAN ART

On Exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries

"THE FERRY BOAT"

A study in the modern manner by Veilmos Abà-Novak—a prominent exhibitor in many Continental galleries

"MR. RODO," by VINCENT KORDA

The work of a young artist with a firmly established reputation. He is an Associate of the Kut Society in Budapest

"VILLAGE GIRLS AT PRAYER"

A typical example of the work of Oscar Glatz—an exponent of the older school. He was born in 1872 and in his early days studied in Munich and Paris

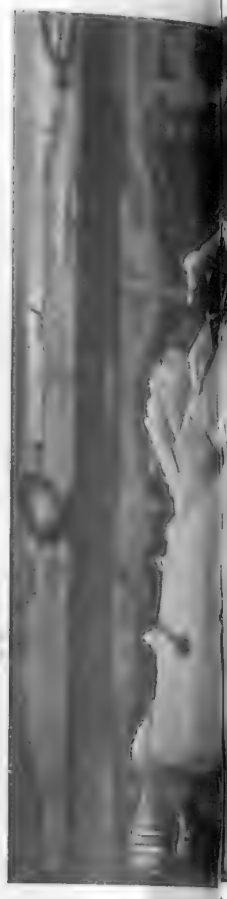
STRONG IN DRAUGHTMANSHIP—MODERN IN CONCEPTION: Portrait of the artist in Hungarian national dress by Gyula Batthyany

Left—"AN HUNGARIAN PEASANT WEDDING": Another colourful study by Veilmos Abà-Novak. Note the weird figures in the foreground

THE WORLD ON TIP

TAMARA TOUMANOVA IN "LE BEAU DANUBE": She will be seen next week at Covent Garden, where Colonel de Basil's company of dancers will be playing for the season

THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE PARIS OPERA BALLET: Thirteen-year-old Micheline Bardin in *William Tell*



Right—REHEARSING FOR "LES SYLPHIDES": Seen from the wings at Covent Garden

STUDENTS OF THE BALLET: These girls are being trained at the school attached to the Scala Opera House, Milan. Each year, at the end of the operatic season, they give a special passing-out performance, after which the most successful pupil is retained as prima ballerina, and the remainder either join other companies or become teachers

AT THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS: Mme Ida Rubinstein (foreground) as the Duchesse de Valentinois in the new singing ballet, *Diane de Poitiers*

RHYTHM IN A GRACEFUL NUMBER: The Corps cinemas in the United States are devoting presentations. One management

THE success of the 1933 ballet season, when the Alhambra was packed to capacity night after night, was a sure indication of the Londoner's partiality for this type of entertainment. This was further emphasized a few days ago when six ballets, with musical interludes, were presented successfully on the grassy stage of the Open Air

TOE: Choreographic Displays in London, Paris, Milan, and New York

de Ballet at the Radio City Music Hall, New York. In order to attract custom, a much greater proportion of their programmes to ballet and other stage alone in New York is at present employing over one hundred dancers

Theatre, Regent's Park. On Tuesday next the 1934 season will begin at Covent Garden where Colonel de Basil's company will appear in *The Three-Cornered Hat*, *Le Lac des Cygnes*, and *Les Présages*. Such well-known artistes as Irina Baronova, Tatiana Riabouchinska, Alexandra Danilova, Nina Verchinina, and Tamara Toumanova will take part in the various programmes, while a special attraction on the first night, all tickets for which have been sold, will be the conducting of Sir Thomas Beecham.

TATIANA RIABOUCHINSKA: Another popular favourite who will appear in Colonel de Basil's company during the ballet season, which opens on Tuesday next. *Circle on left*—A rehearsal scene at Covent Garden. It was here that Diaghileff's company made its first appearance in this country in 1911

A QUESTION OF ANGLE: Two students, one of whom can only be seen in reflection, practising before a mirror at the Mayfair School of Dancing. The use of mirrors plays an important part in the work of training

THE DROUGHT:

How, Even in the Unlikely Event of a Thoroughly Wet Summer, Britain will Still Continue to Suffer from Water Shortage

By E. L. HAWKE

(Meteorological Superintendent at Hampstead Observatory)

SOME TIME within the next few weeks we shall have a short period of very wet weather. Cricket will be badly held up for several days; one of the Test Matches, perhaps, will be left unfinished owing to rain.

In a night the Thames will rise 6 inches or more. The evening newspapers will make a splash with the headline: "Drought washed out." Next morning we shall read that so many million tons of water have fallen on London in twenty-four hours. And then—for a time—we shall resume our habitual complacency in regard to Britain's weird and wonderful climate. But let there be no mistake about it; the drought will *not* be "washed out" for months to come, whatever may happen. Even in the unlikely event of a thoroughly wet summer anxiety would still be felt by the authorities who control the water supplies.

The reason for this is simple: It is only by winter rains that the effects of a long drought can be annulled. Throughout the warmer half of the year the atmosphere takes from our land more water than it deposits. What we have to reckon with is not the amount of rain that falls, but the amount that is left over after evaporation has done its work. In winter, when the sun is low and its rays are weak, the air has little drying power; we all know how long the streets remain wet after a drizzling shower during the dark days around Christmas. In summer, however, the high, strong sun gives the air a fine thirst, just as it does to some of ourselves. Even after a heavy thunderstorm half an hour of bright weather will usually suffice to dry the pavements in June or July. The vast difference between the two seasons in this respect is well shown by the statistical fact that in London evaporation is normally equivalent to only about 10 per cent. of the rainfall between November and February, but to as much as 130 per cent. of it between May and August. In other words, if the atmosphere possesses its ordinary drying power, there is actually a net loss of moisture during the warmer months unless we get at least 30 per cent. more rain than usual.

MEETING THE EMERGENCY: The little Wiltshire village of Imber is threatened with water famine as all the wells except two are exhausted. These men, returning with supplies, are crossing a bridge over a dried-up watercourse

LAST SUMMER'S INTENSE HEAT and abundant sunshine piled on the evaporation to an extent that has rarely been equalled. London's scanty allowance of rain was, in fact, insufficient to make up more than two-thirds of the quantity of water thereby withdrawn from our use. On top of that came the driest winter for over half a century; in the ordinary way, London's rainfall from November to February is nine times greater than the evaporation; on this occasion it was barely three times greater. As a result, the position as regards water reserves was not materially improved. There remained the hope that a wet spring might do something to ease the situation. Over a wide area in the northern half of Britain this hope was largely fulfilled; Scotland as a whole received 82 per cent. more than the average amount of rain during April, while in some of the eastern districts of that country there was a 200 per cent. excess. At Aberdeen it was the wettest April for more than sixty years. Unfortunately, the southern regions of Britain did not share in this substantial and most welcome surplus of moisture; in London the April rainfall only just reached the normal.

Last month, again, there were some generous rains in the North, but over the greater part of Southern England the drought was seriously intensified. London had one of the driest Mays ever known, with less than a quarter of the average fall.

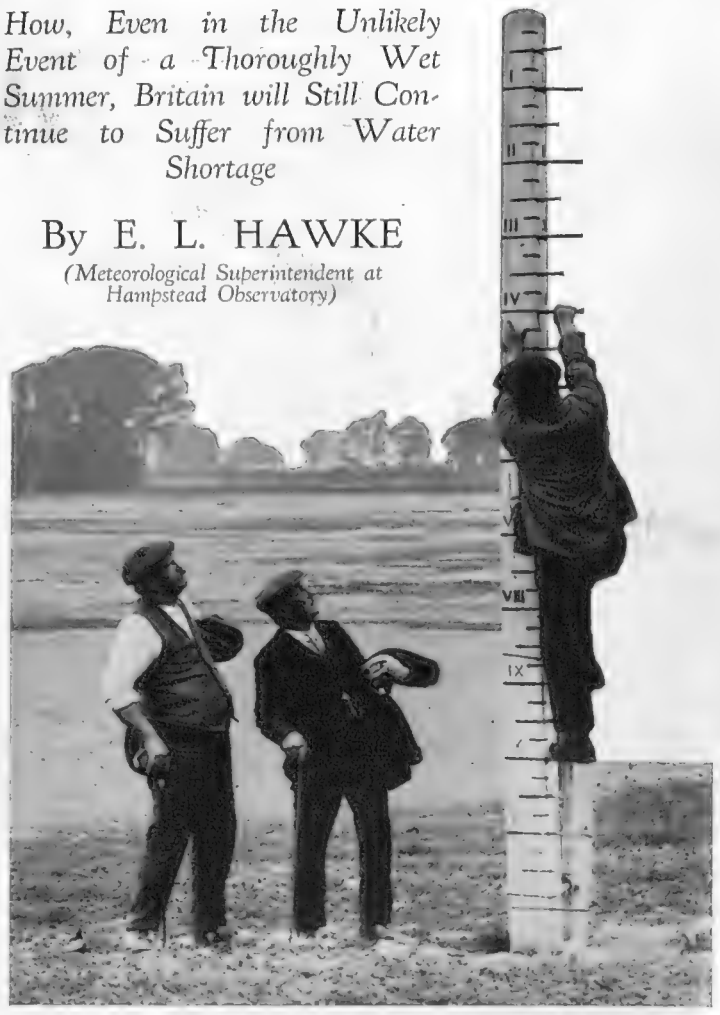
At this stage it was announced from Greenwich Observatory that all records for a summer-to-summer drought had been broken. During the twelve months ended May 31 no more than 15 in. of rain had been measured there—a deficiency of 40 per cent. from the normal. Since the gauges were first set up at the Royal Observatory in 1815 the smallest previous total for the same period had been 16.3 in. in 1921–22.

REPORTS from other parts of the country show that the South was, on the whole, far worse off than the North. The area with a shortage of upwards of 30 per cent. extended into Lancashire, but north of the Border, as well as in the north-eastern counties of England, the position was much less serious. At Glasgow the deficit was only 15 per cent., at Edinburgh 10 per cent., and at Aberdeen a mere 1 per cent., while at Newcastle-on-Tyne there was actually a slight surplus.

THAT A LARGE PART of the U.S.A. should be suffering from severe drought at the same time as most of Europe would probably have been regarded as a coincidence half a century ago. To-day, however, we know that the causes which operate to produce deficient rainfall in the Old World often take simultaneous effect in the New World. ***In normal circumstances a quasi-permanent belt of high barometric pressure, with its main centre near the Azores, stretches westward from the Mediterranean shores to beyond the Gulf of Mexico. From time to time, for reasons not yet understood, this anticyclonic belt shifts northward,*** with the result that the major part of both Europe and the northern United States comes under a dry-weather régime which is ordinarily found hundreds of miles farther south. It was under these conditions that the memorable drought of 1921 was felt on both sides of the Atlantic and there is little doubt that the present dry period has had a similar origin.

It frequently happens in such circumstances that the chief Atlantic storm-track is not displaced far enough northward to leave the north-western half of Britain outside the influence of rain-bearing cyclones, and for this reason Scotland is less liable to severe droughts than England. In 1921 the rainfall north of the Border was practically normal, though in England and Wales there was a general shortage amounting to 30 per cent. Last year Scotland was a trifle drier than England, relatively to the average, but events during the first five months of 1934 have been more like those of 1921, and suggest that the worst of the drought is now over in Northern Britain.

For the South such optimism is not yet justified. Though no drought of modern times has remained acute for much longer than twelve months at a stretch, we must not forget that during the first half of the eighteenth century years believed to have been quite as dry as 1921 or 1933 sometimes came upon England in groups of three or four. Sooner or later there will be another such period; indeed, we have no guarantee that one has not already begun. It would be possible but costly to meet the emergency. Thanks to the predominantly wet years which characterized the last two decades, deep-seated water stores, at present mostly untapped, must be abundant. By boring and pumping operations on a sufficient scale we ought to be able to satisfy the country's needs, even if we should have the misfortune to suffer a repetition of the historic four-years' drought of 1740–43, in which England's rainfall is computed to have been only about 73 per cent. of the normal.



WHERE THE WATER SHORTAGE IS ACUTE: Examining the depth gauge in the reservoir at New Mill, near Tring, Hertfordshire. One of the men is pointing out the level to which the water normally rises at this time of year

HOLDING THE PRECIOUS LIQUID IN CHECK: Constructing a dam across the River Kennet, near Fyfield—a village that has suffered severely as a result of the long-continued drought

IN RURAL ENGLAND NOW

Scenes from Three Counties

NINETEENTH CENTURY CHARM: A rare example of a cottager's wedding dress which has recently been presented to Hereford Museum. It was made by one Mary Bufton and worn by her on her marriage to William Corbett at St. Peter's Church, Hereford, in February, 1834. Mary Bufton was an exceedingly clever needlewoman and earned her living by making smocks

THREE GENERATIONS: James Howe (aged 14), James Frederick Howe (aged 38), and Frederick James Howe (aged 67). This grandfather, father, and son, all work for Mr. J. Murch of Huntingdon Court Farm, Herefordshire

ON THE ROOF OF THE WEST COUNTRY: Rounding up sheep in the Cotswolds preparatory to bringing them down into the valleys for washing. The sheep belong to several owners who join forces in the work

"THE ABHORRED SHEARS": A scene on a Kentish farm where the sheep-shearing season is now in full swing

Right—A LOCAL MENACE: Swarms of ants have appeared on an estate at Bexley, Kent, and these men have been busily engaged in routing them with sulphur fires

VENICE COMES TO SHEPHERD'S BUSH: This reconstruction of a Venetian canal has been made at the Gaumont-British Studios for a scene in the screen version of *Evensong*. Beverley Nichols' successful play about the rise and fall of a prima donna. Evelyn Laye can be seen standing on the balcony

AT THE CURZON: Carl Brisson, who plays the part of a temperamental composer, in a scene with Frances Day in *Two Hearts in Waltz Time*—a film which gives him an admirable opportunity to display his talents as pianist, singer, and dancer

Plays and Films

John Tilley's Brilliant Performance in "The Private Road": "Precipice"—A Sensational but Rather Crude Affair at the Savoy

By PHILIP PAGE

GREY-BEARDED and face-lifted playgoers could tell you—that is to say, the former will and the latter won't—of an enjoyable pre-War piece entitled *The Professor's Love Story*.

Since the death of E. S. Willard, who played the chief part, I had not seen a professor in love on the stage until I saw Mr. John Tilley ogling, in a spirit of elephantine academicism, the beautiful Miss Dorothy Dickson in *The Private Road*, at the Comedy Theatre.

HINTS FROM AN EXPERT: Fortunino Matania, the distinguished artist, giving Gene Gerrard some professional hints to assist him in playing the part of a painter in the new John Stafford film *Susie in the Bath*. Charming Wendy Barrie is the model

Miss Dickson was, of course, sent into the world to be ogled, which is one of the boring penalties of excessive loveliness. Since she abandoned the inanities of musical comedy and has shown herself to be an actress of grace, intelligence, and subtlety (aged, apparently, about nineteen), she is more "ogleable" than ever. Mr. Tilley's gauche advances—he takes the part of a schoolmaster who is a guest in the house in which Miss Dickson, owing to a motor accident, is forced to spend a night—are the very essence of comedy. Considering that this is, I understand, his first part in a straight play, his performance is brilliant; indeed, it is brilliant without any consideration whatever.

There is a long bedroom scene in Act II which might have seemed too long had not the spirit of the thing been kept going by Miss Dickson, who popped in and out of a bathroom and in and out of a bath-robe, by Mr. Tilley, and by Mr. Edwin Styles, who is a light comedian with a pungent and easy manner.

The story I found a little bewildering; it was a matinée that I attended and I am rarely in unravelling mood after lunch. But I do know that five lines out of six have a laugh in them, that this is a well-balanced little play that deserves to be successful and probably will be, and that Miss Dickson is such a clever comedienne that she need never have to rely on her beauty alone, welcome asset though that is.

It is not only because his name does not appear on the programme and justice cries out to be satisfied, that I commend the diverting sketch of a private enquiry agent with which Mr. George Desmond further enlivened an already lively last act

"Precipice."—It must be presumed that all audiences at the Savoy Theatre just now know about Diaghileff and the Russian Ballet and his squabble with the still-living Nijinsky, and the hysterical pother invariably evoked by any ballet organization.

That one section of the public knows this full well is certain. I refer, in the words of Falstaff, to "those lisping hawthorn buds that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time." For Bucklersbury read Bloomsbury and the image remains exact.

I fear I cannot take too seriously the protestations that this play, by Miss Frances Gregory, is not photographic. The late Serge Diaghileff is called by another Russian name; but the fur coat and dictatorial manner are there. Whether Mr. Anton Dolin is meant to be Nijinsky, or Mr. Dolin himself, or any other muscular and shapely youth who leaps in the air to

# of To-day

music and supports a prima ballerina in her *arabesques* does not appear to me to matter two penn'orth of rosin. The play itself is a highly sensational and rather crude affair in which a male dancer is given to analysing his inner or outer self at length. After squabbling with his impresario and being given, after some sort of reconciliation, a secondary part which breaks his heart, he dances clean through the window of a sixth floor flat in Paris and leaps to posthumous fame in this highly sensational fashion.

That Mr. Dolin is a most versatile young man is beyond a doubt; we have long known that he is an exquisite dancer and we now realize that he is in addition a more than passable actor. But the fact that he can act much better than many better actors can dance does not mean that he acts well enough to make *Precipice* convincing—if, indeed, there is any actor who could make so crappy and poorly constructed a play wear any resemblance to life or to the drama that has the breath of life in it. The dancing episodes, with Mr. Dolin in his true *métier* and Brigitta as a delicious partner, are perfection itself. But no play could exist on those alone.

Mr. Francis L. Sullivan, doomed to play sinister and unpleasant people, brings to the whole of his skill and telling personality to the part of the Svengali-like Hohlakoff. Miss Isobel Elsom could not do otherwise than play nebulously a nebulous English lady who loved the dancer. Mr. Hay Petrie contributed some sound work and Miss Kate Cutler managed to put a keen edge on some lines which in reality have no edge at all, and precious little point either.

"KING OF THE DAMNED"—A PLAY ABOUT DEVIL'S ISLAND—AT THE LYCEUM: Angustura (Iris Darbyshire), the half-caste girl, who takes a delight in giving the alarm when she discovers convicts attempting to escape. She is seen here claiming her reward from Major Boise (Henry Thompson)

Opera.—The opera season is dying—or rather, about to merge into a ballet season—but it is dying quite gloriously, except for an inglorious performance of *Otello*, which I found very disappointing. I have rarely heard worse singing at Covent Garden.

Otello is a difficult work, labelled, for some inscrutable reason, Verdi's masterpiece. It certainly is a masterpiece of vigour and colour, and boldness of conception, and considering the age of the composer when he wrote it, it is almost a miraculous achievement. Yet he was still older when he wrote *Falstaff*, an even finer work, which has never been popular because it is essentially a masterpiece for experts only, and contains no immediately attractive tunes. *Otello* has some good tunes though not many; but it *seems* to have good tunes when they are superlatively well sung. Above all, it demands a full, round, Italian tone for the title-rôle.

Herr Melchior, who looked magnificent, has a "tight," throaty, Nordic type of tone, a strange pronunciation of Italian, and a still stranger unwillingness to put any phrasing whatever into Italian themes. To the argument that there is no Italian *tenore robusto* available, and it is a case of doing *Otello* with Herr Melchior or not at all, I would reply, "Don't do it at all." Madame Ursuleac, the Desdemona, has a voice which she either cannot or will not prevent wobbling all round the note.

Mr. John Brownlee redeemed matters somewhat by being an exceptionally good Iago, and Signor Cilla's Cassio—strange to find an Italian—was perfect. Had it not been, however, for Sir Thomas Beecham and some splendid, if rather noisy, orchestral playing and some able chorus work, it might have been a disastrous evening.

The Puccini operas, on the other hand, have been excellent. *La Bohème* has had two tenors (not at the same time)—Signor Minghetti and Signor Borgioli. Both are good and one much better than the other. I will not specify.

COMEDY AT THE COMEDY: Dorothy Dickson and Edwin Styles in John Carlton's play, *The Private Road*. John Tilley, who appears for the first time in a straight play, gives a delightful performance as an elderly schoolmaster on holiday

"Living Dangerously."—The new play at the Strand, *Living Dangerously*, is "thick ear" stuff. We are apt to regard doctors, as a class, as kindly but slightly impersonal people with black coats and stethoscopes. But here we find an exciting pair of them—Dr. Norton, a very good man, and Dr. Pryor, a very bad man, who drinks, cheats, sells drugs illicitly, is willing to sell his pretty wife, and eventually blackmails Dr. Norton, who had been his partner. He had previously tried to ruin Dr. Norton by accusing him before the General Medical Council of seducing his wife.

The friendship had been an innocent one; but the G.M.C., in an admirably staged trial scene, came to the conclusion that it was not. So Dr. Norton starts practice in New York and when, twelve years later, Pryor turns up to threaten him again, Norton shoots him.

Plenty of plot, plenty of thrills. Of its kind an extremely good play, which deserves to run for months. It contains a "flash-back"—i.e. the first act takes place years and years after the second and "flash-backs" always flummox me. But *Living Dangerously* should survive even that.

Mr. Godfrey Tearle is very good as the good doctor and Mr. Martin Walker equally good as the bad one. Miss Carol Goodner's performance as the bad doctor's wife is brilliant.

A COSMOPOLITAN CAST AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: *Left*—Steve Geray and Magda Kun, the two Hungarian stars of *Happy Week-End*, whose engagement has recently been announced. *Right*—Miss Louise Browne, the captivating American actress, with David Hutcheson

M. PAUL MORAND, the popular French writer, who recently wrote a short play for the catalogue of a leading Paris store. The directors of the Comédie Française, France's national theatre, were so impressed with this work that they have decided to produce it on the stage

THE BOOK WORLD IN JUNE

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

I see that the BOOKSELLER has been quoting some recent remarks of mine about book distribution by newspapers. The rumpus which I forecasted broke out in earnest at the Booksellers' Conference, with many denunciations and passings of resolutions.

So often, in these battles, the *cause* of all the trouble is forgotten. He is a man who likes books, like you and me, and likes them well enough to cut a coupon from a newspaper, go out and buy a postal order, address an envelope, and then go out and post it.

He prefers all this trouble to a visit to the local bookshop. Why?

There are a lot of people—again like you and me—who buy books. Obviously, or there wouldn't be bookshops. Why, instead of denouncing this, that, and the other form of trading as "unfair" or "against the best interests of the trade," doesn't someone try to find out what the *consumer* is thinking?

Take a fairly small but compact town. Why don't the booksellers therein canvas the inhabitants on their book-buying habits? Not their customers; they know them well enough. They may then find out why books are being sold in such large quantities *outside* their shops. And with that knowledge and their obvious advantages, wouldn't the remedy be in their own hands?

It behoves an Englishman to be wary when a couple of learned Scots, calling themselves Hugh MacDiarmid and Lewis Grassic Gibbon, begin a Highland fling in poetry, essays, short stories, and news-clippings, naming it SCOTTISH SCENE (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.).

Every Englishman knows that the best playwrights in his language are Irish, the best English is spoken in Inverness, that Aberdeen jokes are manufactured by those roaring humorists the Aberdonians, that Gaelic is a language to be fiercely proud of, that that queer bastard dialect in which Burns wrote is also the language of great poetry, and that that equally frightening dialect known as Braid Scots had better be treated with more than respect.

Then there are the Scots who write in pure English. Now, if *I* said they wrote as if they were *translating* themselves, talked about "the essential foreignness" of their work, and observed that it was their tragedy that they had to *learn* to write English, I'd be just another ignorant Sassenach. But that's what Mr. Grassic Gibbon says, and plenty more too, while his boy friend, from up in the Shetlands, weighs in with some poetic exercises in language which (I hope) is understood north of the Tweed, and some staunch views on Social Credit and Scottish Nationalism.

I hope I do not convey the wrong impression of this book. If I had the space I would review and recommend it over the whole of this page. It is the work of two very distinguished minds, and of a kind that is badly needed in these days.

Incidentally the essay on Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should be a lesson to the school of Debunkers of how debunking should be done. Quotations and data alone reveal how thoroughly the author mastered his subject (and no light subject—the life of a public man), dissecting mercilessly and with consummate skill, and leaving him with this epitaph:

"There is hardly a Scotsman alive who does not feel a shudder of amused shame as the rolling, turgid voice, this evening or that, pours suddenly from his radio. We have, we Scots (all of us), too much of his quality in our hearts and souls."

Mr. G. Orioli is a Florentine publisher known to the world of letters as a man of warm friendships, good fellowship, and a great host. That he is also a fine scholar, a good cook (with an abundance of excellent recipes), a judge of wine, an easy traveller, deeply versed in the arts and the peasant lore of his own country, sharing a love of Old Calabria with Norman Douglas (and an excellent Boswell to the inimitable Norman), and can write attractively in English, is borne out in MOVING ALONG (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.).

I finished this delightful book with a feeling of envy for those lucky two who shared this tour with two such spirits as Douglas and Orioli.

Mr. Leland Hall's TIMBUCTOO (Cresset Press. 8s. 6d.) is also a delightful book. He went there for the very human reason that he was attracted by the name and wanted to see what sort of a place it was. More important, he went with the proper humility of an intelligent traveller and was rewarded by the discovery of the charm, the surprising cleanliness, and the beauty of light and shadow.

This is the best kind of travel book; the kind that makes the reader wish to share experiences on the spot.

KENYA TO-DAY, by Nora K. Strange (Stanley Paul. 18s.), is a comprehensive and valuable account of the life and history of that fruitful colony. It is written with an obvious love for the country and its people, but Miss Strange does not hesitate to state its problems with a good deal of detachment.

In England we have not the same sentimental interest in negroes as they have in the United States, where the "problem" is always at their back door. Nevertheless, ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL, by Julia Peterkin and Doris Ulmann (Cape. 12s. 6d.), is a book I found very hard to put down.

The people Miss Peterkin writes about (and Miss Ulmann sometimes charmingly, sometimes blurrily, illustrates) are the descendants of slaves who still live and work upon the impoverished plantations of the South. Few can read or write; motor cars, radio, and other "civilized" things are unknown to them (or bring trouble when they are). They are a simple, primitive people, with a strange dialect language (Gullah) of their own, whose lives are ruled by a mixture of frenzied Christianity and the witchcraft (Hoodoo) of their ancestors.

So closely does the author get to them that some of the scenes in this book are really unforgettable.

THE GINGER GRIFFIN, by Ann Bridge (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), is the Book Society's choice for June. Something of a triumph this, for a "second novelist" whose "first novel" standard was set as high as *Peking Picnic*.

Once more Miss Bridge takes us to China, and although the scene will be Chinese to most of the novel-reading public, it is made charmingly to-be-remembered by a kind of writing that defies classification. Indeed, if we examine the style we find an almost frigid economy, a complete antithesis from a conscious charm; an effortlessness; real art, in other words.

Nor is it all atmosphere and background; the

PUBLISHED AT AUGSBURG IN 1559: One of a number of delightful woodcuts in a rare volume belonging to Prince Alexander Dietrichstein, whose library will shortly be sold in Lucerne, Switzerland

story is there, pulsing with reality, with characters we love and dislike, and always understand.

A novel of a different class, outstanding, powerful, written by a mind that challenges the reader to think or be-damned-to-him, is DEFY THE FOUL FIEND, by John Collier (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.). Nothing in here to "charm" Book Society members. Mr. Collier is a shrewd, quick-witted intellectual who appears to write fiction because he finds it a convenient vehicle through which to view life in terms of a well-defined philosophy and incidentally to belabour its absurdities with as little pretentiousness as possible.

He is a careful writer and skilled at the game. By that I mean he has no conscious "style," but can mix a series of styles to suit his purpose. When touching beauty he can make a beautiful phrase; when his sense of the ridiculous is uppermost he can be as succinct and inconsequential as Beachcomber.

In other words, Mr. John Collier is an outstanding writer among novelists and should be, if he is not already, high in his profession. Do not run away with the impression that *Defy the Foul Fiend* is a highbrow's book. The ordinary, or philistine, reader will find this novel full of rollicking good fun and lively incident.

In the sense of the foregoing, CHEAPJACK, by Philip Allingham (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), isn't literature, but it is rattling good entertainment all the same.

"My education came to an end on the day that the Provost of an Oxford College pointed out to my father gently but firmly that my chances of passing Responsions at any rate were less than small, and that my work was too weak all round . . . After this I worked for many people, but all of them formed, sooner or later, the same opinion of me as had the Provost at Oxford, but some of them expressed themselves less gently . . ."

Then Mr. Allingham found another world, a world with habits, language, and morals of its own. He went into the life of the Fairs of England, learned how to sell things to mugs, the secrets of the amusements, the noisy flamboyancies designed to cadge wealth from gullible rustics, and chisel the more sophisticated but gaiety-loving townsman.

It is a happy-go-lucky, fantastic, and at times almost incredible story, but it bears the stamp of honesty and truth and, as I have said, is grand entertainment.

In the past thirty years novels about India have gone through a phase of tremendous popularity and had almost reached the other extreme—oblivion. Until a year or two ago a novel of India was a novel of Anglo-India and as unexciting as a wet Thursday afternoon.

But there is Mr. Dennis Kincaid who has written *Durbar* and now CACTUS LAND (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), books of very different type. Kitti-Jan was the daughter of a Eurasian and a cockney soldier, and she danced "like a leaf moving in the wind . . . like a sea-bird hovering above misty cliffs."

She danced her way from a Bombay brothel to a military cantonment in the Punjab and from that to a short and tragic triumph in a palace in the North-West. Her end is pitiable in spite of her worthlessness. Mr. Kincaid writes with a fine detachment and an utter lack of sentimentality. His descriptions of the Indian country are really beautiful.

GAY PAGAN, by Hugh Talbot (Dent. 7s. 6d.), takes us to the Cornwall of a hundred years ago. The author of *Gentlemen, the Regiment!* is of course sure in his period, this time with the added

(Continued on p. 450)

On page 450 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

A ZEALOUS FIREBRAND: An illustration from the Epistolae Invectevae, Ulrich von Hutten's polemical document espousing the cause of Luther, which is also to be sold in the forthcoming sale at Lucerne. It was published at Strasbourg in 1521, about the time when Hutten began to discharge a shower of invectives, denunciations, and satires against the Papal party

ELEGANCE

From the Mid-Season Collections in Paris

The spirit of romance is caught by this ethereal creation in rose-coloured organdie with a cape of violet tulle. Maggy Rouff retains the moulded silhouette, emphasizing it by finely kilted frills which cascade down the front and form a choux at the waist in a way that is reminiscent of the blown-forward line that influences our day clothes

Nothing in the world of dress is more difficult to find than a really good print. So many are undistinguished; so many are just definitely bad. Here is a magnificent print in multicolour on a white ground. Maggy Rouff uses it for a frock of statuesque simplicity. All the movement is in the back, and the long armhole is achieved by clever drapery above the waist

Simplicity of line offset by intricately lovely hand sewing is the keynote of the best day dresses for formal and informal occasions. This graceful model by Jeanne Lanvin is made in a soft rose marocain. The full sleeves, narrowed off at the wrists and veined with hemstitching, and the scarf on which is mounted a silver fox, balance the skirt which is moderately full at the hem

WORLD CONGRESS OF TOURISM: Delegates of more than a hundred of the great motoring associations of the world, composing the Alliance Internationale de Tourisme, met in London last week as guests of the Automobile Association. The object of the congress is to facilitate international travel. The above view was taken during the banquet at Grosvenor House

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

All the cars that I have driven lately have been included in what one might term the larger class. It was, therefore, with a great deal of interest that I recently drove a 12-h.p. Humber Vogue saloon, as this undoubtedly is one of the leaders in what is really the medium category. To start with, the Humber Vogue has very distinctive body lines. It is a car which can never be mistaken for any other and, as I understand, its sales have been very satisfactory to the makers. Taste in body appearance is essentially individualistic, and so, speaking from my own point of view, I am not quite certain whether I should call the Vogue a beautiful motor car or not. I will certainly allow that it is distinctive, and that is one of the reasons why it is popular, and it is also a reason on which the manufacturers are entitled to congratulations. Any attempt to get away from the ordinary, or orthodox, is to be commended. This Humber Vogue body has, however, certain definite practical advantages. It gives a long unbroken window area on each side, and it provides very ample, comfortable accommodation for four people. I flatter myself that I could improve the appeal of its appearance, but, as I said before, that is a matter of personal opinion and, therefore, cuts very little ice.

THE HUMBER VOGUE SALOON: A model which has achieved phenomenal success thanks to its chic appearance and beautiful finish. The handsome mascot, made of glass, adds a worthy final touch to a graceful car

The particular car I drove was painted white and black, and after covering some hundreds of miles in it I was fully convinced that it is a car which attracts attention whenever it is seen. From the driver's point of view it is comfortable and easy to control. The performance is really excellent considering that the engine is only just over 1½ litres in capacity. To be perfectly candid, I was in a lazy mood when I drove the car, and it was not until the time approached when I had to send it back to Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., that I took the trouble to lift the bonnet to discover that the engine had four cylinders, and not six, as I had fondly imagined. Undoubtedly, the power unit is remarkably smooth, is full of beef, and does its job without any trace of fuss or bother. The car is very completely equipped, including Startix automatic starting and a free-wheel. Both of these "niceties" functioned without any trouble whatsoever, and I used both quite considerably during my test. The suspension of the car is worthy of mention, for my experience shows me that in cars in this class an abnormal amount of bouncing is usually experienced, but this Humber is certainly free from this irritating trouble. The brakes, too, were beyond reproach, and they imbued me with such confidence that I found myself using the free-wheel even in the thickest traffic. Even when I try to be critical I find it is impossible to pick out any particular feature which should be improved, and certainly as a result of my test I find it easy to understand why this particular car is so greatly in demand.

In America, I am told, it is practically impossible to sell a motor car unless it is fitted with wireless. In this country we have not yet reached that stage, but I should think that shortly after the next Olympia show the same condition will apply in the United Kingdom. For the past few months I have had a Philco wireless set fitted to my 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royce, and the short experience I have had convinces me that there are many problems and many difficulties which have yet to be overcome and solved before wireless on a car reaches the same stage of perfection that it has attained in the household. As far as I can see the set itself is perfectly satisfactory, but a motor car from a wireless point of view is probably the most difficult and complex vehicle to which a set could be fitted. The modern chassis is so full of electrical equipment such as sparking plugs, coils, distributors, dynamos, starters, windscreen-wiper motors, lamps, brake stop-lights, etc., that to prevent any of these from interfering with the proper reception of broadcast is a very difficult task. Perhaps my own experience is an exception, and I think that the supposition is probably correct, but let the facts speak for themselves.

A set was duly installed by my coachbuilders, Messrs. Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., and before I had done ten miles the set went out of action. Messrs. Philco discovered that a valve had proved faulty and very rapidly put the matter right. I myself then decided that I was not receiving a sufficient number of stations to satisfy my critical wants and so I had an additional aerial added. Everything went well for a few days when all of a sudden reception was seriously interfered with outside of about a ten-mile radius of the transmitting aerial. To my amazement I discovered that the interfering atmospherics completely disappeared every time I put my foot hard down on the brake pedal. The assumption naturally was that the automatic stop-light was the cause of the trouble, so it was instantly disconnected and rendered impotent. The trouble still continued until in desperation I had a new aerial installed which was a plain piece of insulated wire laid along the four sides of the body on the floor. This removed the irritation caused by the continual atmospherics, but it introduced a completely fresh trouble which, with my limited wireless knowledge, I put down to capacity effects. When I went round a corner, either to the right or to the left, the atmospherics started and finally it was discovered that this was due to the bonnet making more or better contact when turning to the right or the left. Being somewhat disappointed I took the car up to Messrs. Philco at Perivale and they spent an entire day installing new aerials underneath the running boards.

This alteration brought me back exactly where I was at the beginning, namely, that proper reception was impossible except when the brake-pedal was pushed hard home. Again I took the car back to the makers of the wireless set and at the end of the working day they told me they had done everything they could think of but that the trouble still remained, and to the time of writing I am still faced with the problem which, as far as I am concerned, makes wireless on a car more trouble than it is worth.

Being up at Messrs. Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., arranging details about a new 22–25-h.p. Rolls-Royce of which I hope shortly to take delivery, I mentioned these strange wireless troubles and was immediately told that one of the directors of that concern had exactly the same fault with a wireless set on his 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce. The set in this case was not a Philco so that I think we can safely assume that the trouble has nothing whatever to do with the wireless set itself. It has been suggested to me that static electrical charges are generated in the wheels, but my answer is that if that is the case they are generated only in the front wheels because the atmospherics do not disappear when I apply the hand brake which operates only on the rear wheels. For the life of me I cannot see why the front wheels should become electrically excited and the back wheels not. I would be very grateful if any reader can not only make a suggestion as to the real cause of the trouble, but tell me how to overcome it.

GUIDING LIGHTS: Flood-lighting, the latest in road direction signs, erected on a roundabout on the new Gloucester by-pass road which enables traffic from London and Birmingham to avoid Gloucester on the South Wales route. Adequate illumination of signboards should prove a great boon to motorists on dark nights

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MADE IN ENGLAND

IN THE LAND OF THE EMIR ABDULLAH

(*Continued from p. 424*)

and the material progress has been slow. Nevertheless, progress has indubitably been made. The Imperial Airways route runs across it and, more recently, the pipe line of the Iraq Petroleum Company has been laid across it. The land feels on it, as never before, the pulse of the energizing West.

Politically, the State of Transjordan is not far developed. The Government consists of the Emir, his Chief Minister, the British Resident, the Executive Council, and a Legislative Assembly which first met in 1929. This Assembly or Parliament consists of four official and sixteen elected members — nine Muslim Arabs (settled), three Christians, two Circassians, and two Bedouin Arabs. It contains two parties, the People's Party which supports the present administration, and an Opposition Party called the Independent (*Istiqlal*) Party.

It has been suggested that there is a large section of Transjordanians who are clamouring for responsible government, but this is a fiction disseminated by writers outside Transjordan. The feeling for Arab Nationalism and Arab unity which has deeply affected countries such as Iraq and Syria is weak in Transjordan, where, indeed, there has been considerable criticism of the employment in Government service of Arabs who are not natives of the land.

Of recent years, owing to drought and other causes, there has been in Transjordan financial and economic stringency, and the Bedouins in any case are seldom far removed from the margin of mere subsistence. Yet not since 1923 have they shown any disposition to rebel against the present régime.

Transjordan is a primitive country, political-mindedness scarcely exists among its mixed population. The Emir himself leads a happy enough life except, perhaps, when other Arabs charge him with not being sufficiently hostile to the Jewish threat or desire to extend Zionist immigration into Transjordan.

A SOCIETY CHRISTENING: The Earl and Countess of Jersey leaving with their baby daughter after the ceremony which was performed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor

V. C. Buckley

TO MAKE HER DÉBUT DURING THE COVENT GARDEN BALLET SEASON: Kyra Nijinsky, nineteen-year-old daughter of the famous Russian dancer

DIANA BEAUMONT, who appeared recently in *Double Fault* at the Shilling Theatre. The play was produced by Sir Cedric Hardwicke

A GAIETY GIRL: Jenny Dean, who has scored an outstanding success in the Stanley Lupino—Laddie Cliff play, *Sporting Love*. She has already received several offers of film work

MICHELETTI: The popular tenor at the Opéra Comique, Paris, who is making his first appearance in cabaret at the Trocadero Restaurant in Shaftesbury Avenue

PRETTY EXPONENT OF SOME NEW DANCES: Pearl Rivers, who has been proving a great attraction in the cabaret at the Café de la Paix

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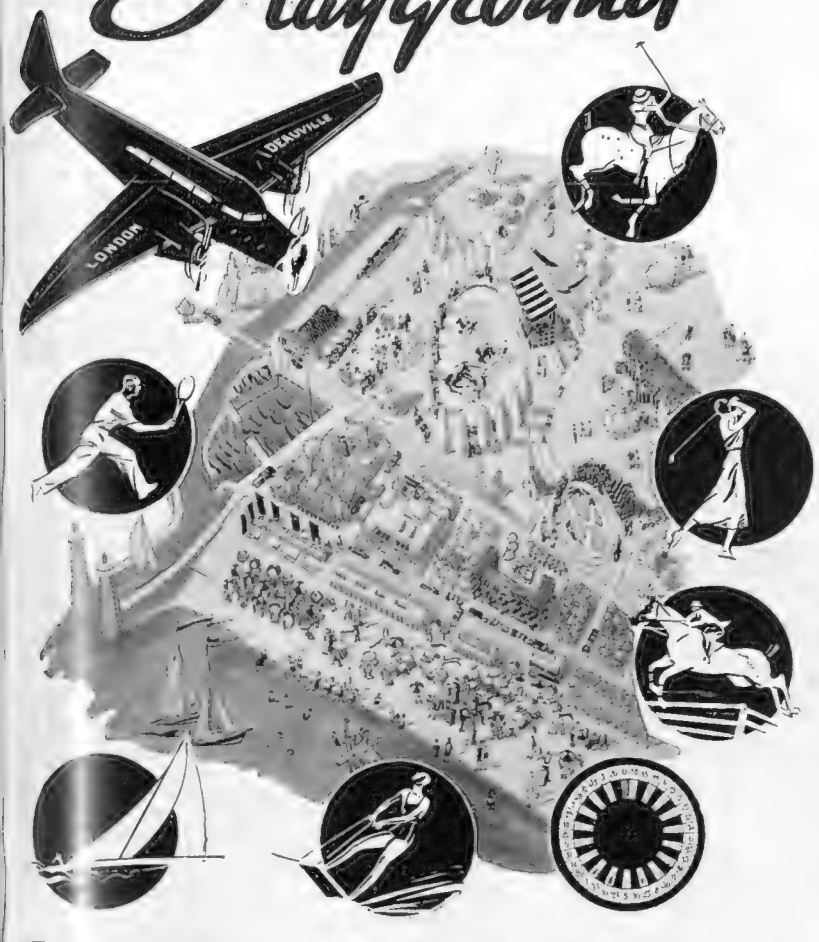

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LONDON'S OLDEST WINDOWS

(Continued from p. 430)

Clifford's Inn is the oldest of all the London Inns, and it was described in a grant made by Edward II in 1310 to Robert, fifth Baron Clifford. This Robert was killed at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314 and his property passed to his brother. In 1345 the widow of the sixth Baron Clifford leased the messuage to students of the law for £10 per annum. Thus it became an Inn and it was connected with Chancery work.

In Elizabeth's time there were a hundred students in term and twenty out of term. In 1618 a deed of feoffment entitled the property to continue as an Inn of Chancery, and its control was vested in a Principal and twelve "Rules" or Benchers who sat at a high table apart from the students and formed a "Kentish Mess." A curious custom appertained to this Mess from first to last. After dinner the Principal took a cross specially made of four loaves of bread and three times raised it above his head and brought it down on the table, after which ceremony it was passed down to the bottom of the table and carried out. The origin of this custom is obscure but it was probably connected with the giving of bread from the rich man's table to the poor, and daily a number of poor old women used to receive food after the dinner was over.

The Fire of London was stopped just before it reached the Inn, and it was in this hall that Sir Matthew Hale and the principal judges sat in the following months to settle disputes about properties and boundaries in the burnt area.

TROTSKY IN EXILE

(Continued from p. 426)

and violence all over again. Stalin's is not an International at all. It is a domestic affair. The Fourth will be a real International, organized to spread over all frontiers. There will be no protective, friendly relations with capitalistic governments such as Stalin has promoted to aid Soviet interests.

Circumstantial changes, even wars, may occur, but Trotsky looks over them to his inevitable beyond of a planned All-Europe, void of patriotic frontiers and with every form of production held firmly by the State. Such is his Fourth International, as secretly and silently launched from Barbizon last autumn.

What can now legitimately be asked is this: How may his vanishing under French ægis affect the furtherance of his plans? Just how much will he be allowed to do henceforward? Now that all is known, will the arch-conspirator be definitely sundered from his friends and underground channels? Will he be allowed to carry on as eminent publicist? Trotsky does not earn a lot from royalties. Would he, in enforced and controlled seclusion, be compelled to accept a grant from the French secret funds in order to support himself and his wife? Such grants are always held available for spectacular nuisances on condition that recipients maintain their fade-out. No, one does not see this glad rebel so humbling himself to the miserable bourgeois. But obviously, if still in French care, he will have to go carefully. The French do not want to offend the Soviet just now, as they would do by allowing Trotsky to continue untrammelled. (Was the latter inveigled to Barbizon that he might later at a suitable moment be quashed as a sop to Moscow? That is another possibility, though it credits the Quai d'Orsay with an extreme manœuvring ability.)

Did Trotsky raise his head unduly, against instructions, the French could take him to the nearest frontier, where he would be refused admission, and thereupon clap him into gaol under the expelled aliens law. Trotsky may prefer to lie low on his small island, or in the depths of Auvergne, or wherever he happens to be (perhaps on the way to an Abd-el-Krim clime) and concentrate on his neo-Marxian legacy to mankind. Fortunate that he "loves walking, fishing, hunting, riding." That may help a lot now, with work.

But where will he bob up next? Under whose flag? It is all most exciting!

THE BOOK WORLD IN JUNE

(Continued from p. 444)

colour of a wild and grim part of the Cornish coast at a time when smugglers had to be smugglers because the bare land and cruel sea were elements to starve rather than to live upon.

The story is of Feo, only daughter of a retired admiral and local prevention officer (the most convincing character, this), her stern, narrow, religious mother (who doesn't "come off" so well), a handsome young cavalry officer who loved her, and a wild-eyed preacher who swept her off her feet.

There is some good descriptive stuff in this book.

Mr. Sydney Horler calls his STRICTLY PERSONAL (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) "an indiscreet diary." If indiscretion means telling the world (or that part of it which will pay 10s. 6d. for the privilege) what a fine fellow you are, then this is the goods.

Mr. Horler has taken a feverish and somewhat anxious hold of the mantle of the late Edgar Wallace. He has bought his desk, his chair, his dictaphone, and the services of the excellent Mr. Secretary Curtis. And from the Wallace desk, chair, and into the dictaphone, he delivers himself of the following:

"Booksellers tell me that everybody has forgotten Wallace. He has been dead less than two years and, except in the very cheapest editions, no one reads him any more."

If I hadn't seen that palpable nonsense nailed in the newspapers recently (when they revealed that Wallace's debts, of more than £80,000, had been fully paid out of royalties accruing since his death), I would have suggested that the generous and bombastic Mr. Horler sold the desk, chair, and dictaphone and, dictating a letter to the accommodating Mr. Curtis, sent the proceeds to Edgar Wallace's young children.

A BOOK LIST

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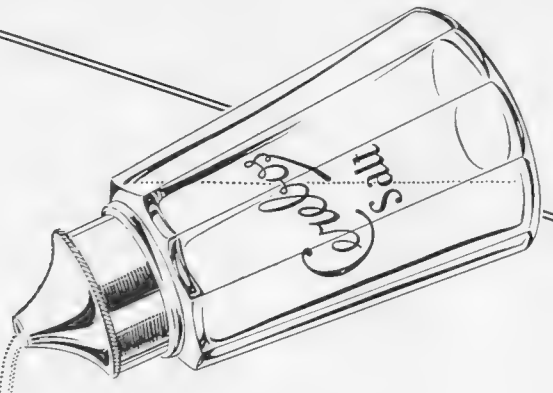

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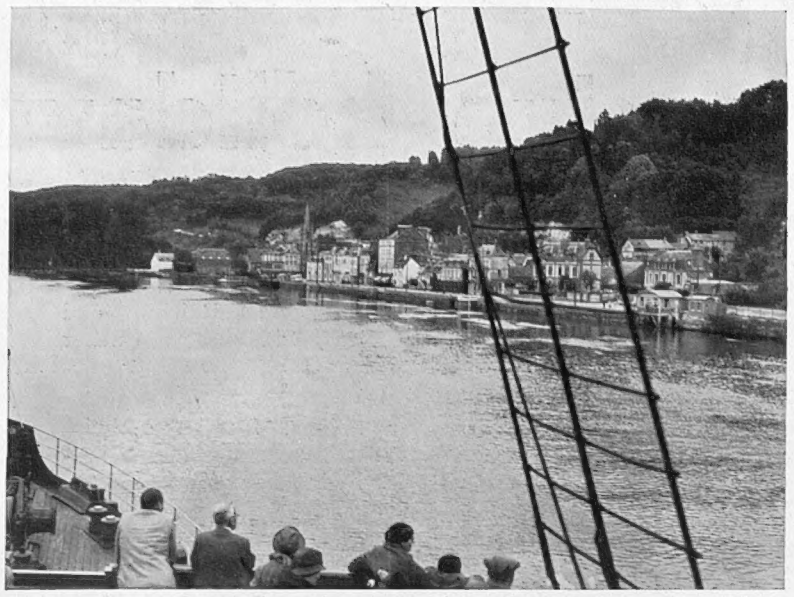


PAST WOODED HILLS AND PICTURESQUE VILLAGES: The S.S. *St. Briac* on its way up the estuary of the Seine to Rouen. The cost of these week-end cruises ranges from £3 to £3 10s.

A Trip up the Seine Estuary to Historic Rouen on the Southern Railway's Reconstructed Luxury Ship, "St. Briac"

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

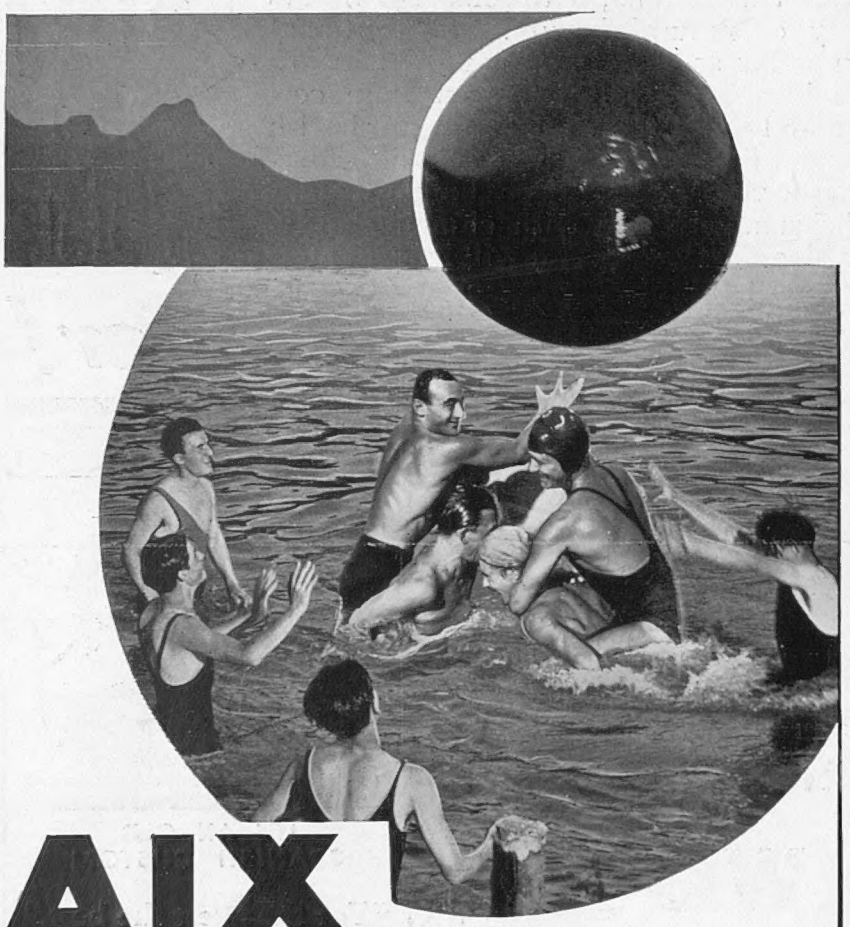
The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

The latest travel innovation is the Midget week-end cruise from London to Rouen. First-class accommodation is provided, and the cost ranges from £3 to £3 10s. per person.

How the Southern Railway can make such an enterprise pay is almost a miracle, but it is at any rate a benefit for the travelling public who have the cruising habit. Every Friday during the summer you can leave London at 9 p.m. on a special first-class boat train, walk on board the *St. Briac*, a luxury boat with spacious accommodation, and the next morning wake up and find yourself steaming towards Rouen up the beautiful estuary of the Seine. In addition to this, passengers are given the opportunity of bathing at Trouville or Deauville and other visits are organized.

Although the *St. Briac* can carry 1,200 passengers only 200 bookings are being made for any one cruise. The enterprising Southern Railway have spent two years in making this ship into the present little luxury liner she is.

The holiday cruiser will find everything he or she wants, such as dancing, a swimming pool, deck games, and even a hairdresser, while the cuisine is equal to that of a first-class West End hotel. A further blessing—no passports are necessary.



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Schiller: Jungfrau von Orléans.
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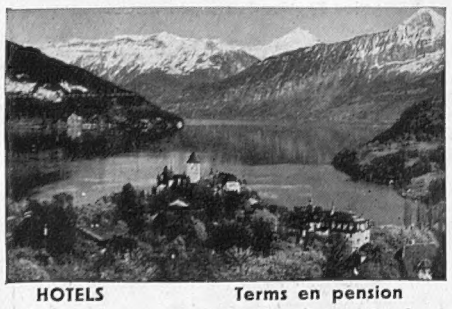

SPIEZ IN SWITZERLAND

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Through trains. All sports. Golf. Tennis. Bathing beach.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

O., Staffs (Tirol and Italy).—The climate in the Tirol during July and August is hot and sunny, and usually there is very little rain. It would be possible to make a one-day excursion to the Salzkammergut district from Zell-am-See, while from Innsbruck you could make the excursion to Oberammergau to see the *Passion Play*. The journey from Innsbruck to Merano, Bolzano, or Cortina d'Ampezzo (in the Italian Dolomites) can be made by motor coach, the journey over the Brenner Pass being extremely interesting. Much of the scenery in the film, *The Blue Light*, is that of the Monte Cristallo, and you would find Cortina d'Ampezzo or the smaller resort of Misurina, excellent centres from which to tour this lovely district. You would find Venice rather too warm in August to be pleasant.

C., London (France and Spain).—La Baule is a popular seaside resort on the coast near St. Nazaire. During the summer, from July 7, there is a through train service from St. Malo, the 2nd class return fare from London being £5 7s. 6d. We do not think you would care to stay right in San Sebastian, but Zarauz, a small town seventeen miles west of the former, is a delightful spot for a holiday. The bathing is good, and the scenery, that of the Basque Pyrenees, is some of the most beautiful in Spain.

M., Surrey (London to Leith by sea).—The London and Edinburgh Shipping Co., Ltd., Hermitage Steamer Wharf, Wapping, London, E., maintains a regular service from London to Leith and vice versa. There are sailings from London on Thursdays, Saturdays, and Tuesdays, the voyage taking thirty-six hours. The Thursday boat carries 1st class passengers only; the Tuesday and Saturday boats carrying both 1st and 2nd class passengers. The 1st and 2nd class single fares are £1 17s. 6d. and £1 2s. 6d. respectively. These fares do not include the cost of meals while on board.

Hints for Travellers

SPIEZ AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

The Bernese Oberland has always been particularly popular with tourists to Switzerland, and Spiez, one of its loveliest little towns, must have welcomed visitors from a great many countries. This is not remarkable, for Spiez has many facilities for making a holiday thoroughly interesting and enjoyable. It is most attractively situated on a little promontory overlooking Lake Thun, with the green and fertile Simmenthal Valley opening out at the back of the town, while lures for the sports lover are the nine-hole golf course and the bathing beach. The Verkehrsverein Spiez has published a most comprehensive little guide setting forth the number of walks, excursions by railway, steamer, and coach, and mountain trips which can be made from the town. The list is indeed a lengthy one and should prove to the most doubtful that Spiez is practically an unrivalled centre for touring the Bernese Oberland.

REDUCTION IN PRICES AT ITALIAN HOTELS.

The cost of a holiday in Italy has been lowered very considerably by the reductions which the Italian State Railways have been making in rail fares, and the total expenditure for a visit to that lovely country will now be smaller still, for *en pension* (full board) prices at all hotels in Italy have been reduced by 10 per cent. Incidentally, those who, encouraged by this news, are planning a holiday in Italy, but find it difficult to choose between the multiple charms of the Dolomites, the Italian Alps; the lakes, and the coastal resorts, should purchase a copy of Major Stormont's book, *Summer in Italy*, obtainable from the E.N.I.T. Office, 16, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1. For 2s. one is supplied with a fund of information, for the book contains 265 pages of matter and illustrations.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! Increased my own height to 6ft. 3½ins. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp, S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarboro', England. (*P.O. Box 15*).

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein (the world's most radioactive thermal Springs).—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of distinction. Comf. service. Unriv. posn.

Gallspach.—Famous for electro-therapeutical Treatment System Zeileis. **Hotel-Pension "Sonnenhof,"** modern comfort, mod. prices.

München.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz 25.—1st cl., nr. theatres and museums. 150 rms, 50 bths. New underground gar. in hotel.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt. Fnst.sit. Fac. sea & mst. wndfl. sands of Belgian coast. 140 rms. Ex. kit. Full bd. trms. fr. Frs. 60.

Brussels. — Grand Hotel. — Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Heyst-s-Mer.—Hotel de la Plage.—The leading English hotel on the sea front. 1st class. All comfs. Mod. prices. A van Isacker, Prop.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Near Tennis. Golf. Casino. Pens. fr. 65 Frs. Tels. Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

Ostend.—Grand Hotel.—Fine position on sea front, next Casino. New large airy and sunny lounge. Free Garage. Moderate Terms.

Ostend.—Savoy Hotel.—Opposite Casino. First class. Moderate Terms.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jersey.—Links Hotel.—On Royal Jersey Golf Course. American Bar. Bathing. Tennis. 11 acres gardens. A A. Apply for terms.

Jersey. — Royal Yacht Hotel. — Lift all floors. H. & C. running water all rooms. Overlooking sea. Jersey's luxury hotel.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Bristol.—First class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E., Proprietor.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace. Opp. Casino Gdns. Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, suite Frs. 75.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest). — "Brenner's Stephanie" and "Brenner's Park." —Baccara, 18-hole Golf, Swimming Pool.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel Badischer Hof. First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue." — The well-known Family Hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Zähringerhof.—130 beds. Pension from R.M. 8—or with private thermal bath from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from R.M. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by Englishmen. Mod. comf. Mod. prices. Ex. cuisine. A. Leuner, Prop.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from R.M. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First class Home Comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Coblence. — Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof. — 1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up.—room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof. — The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from R.M. 4, with pension R.M. 9.

Cologne. — Furstenhof. — Situated opposite station and Dome. Beautiful view. All comforts. Rooms from M. 3.50 up.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof.-Ldg. htl. 150 rms. fr. R.M. 5, with bath fr. R.M. 9. Bar Orch. Gar. Fam.-Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

GERMANY—*continued.*

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Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 R.M.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mainz.—Hotel Karpfen.—Opposite landing stage. Founded 16th century. All comforts. Moderate prices.

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.—Leading house. 75 beds. Famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from R.M. 10.

ITALY.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fashnble Isl. of all sports. Golf (18-hs.), polo, sailg., fishg., tenn., shootg., beach. The perfect resort for holidays.

Courmayeur (Aosta)—In the heart of the Alps.—**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rooms. Baths. Grdn. Orch. Tennis. Pens. fr. Lire 40.

Menaggio (Lake of Como).-Victoria Hotel.- (1st cl.) Golf (18). Tenn. Bowlg. On lake shores. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

Stresa.—Regina Palace.—De luxe garden on lake. Tennis. Golf. Bathing. Orchestra. Garage. Rooms from 6/-, Pension from 17/-. Swiss Man.

SWEDEN.

Saltsjöbaden (near Stockholm).—Grand Hotel.—Ldg. tourist hotel. House with every comf. for those desiring the best. Rsnble. terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Adelboden (Bernese Oberland, 467 ft.).—Hotel Adler & Kursaal.—Wl-kwn. for hm-lik. comf. Tenn., swmg., excrs. Trms. fr. Frs. 11.50.

Axenfels (Lake Lucerne).—Palace Hotel.—Excellent for Rest and Recreation. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Diet. Pens. from Frs. 14.

Baden-les-Bains (nr. Zürich).—Grand Hotel.—First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Basle.—Schweizerhof.—First class. Every modern comfort. Open-air Restaurant. Private auto-parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st cl. Res. All com. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air restaur. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pens. fr. 12 Frs.

Geneva. — The Regina. — Up-to-date. On Lake Centre. Open Air Rest. overlooking lake and city. Incl. Price 15/-, with private bath 17/6.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Geneva.—Hotel Victoria.—Facing English garden & lake. Home-like, every mod. comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Htl. & Righi Vaudois (2270 ft.) —Ideal pos. Lge. gdn-pk. ovrlkng. L. of Geneva. Evry. cmft. 1st cl. cuisine. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 12.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Gurnigel, Bernese Oberld.—3,900 ft. a.s. Sum. & wint.—**Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. 300 bdrs. bths, diet. frsts, ten. orch. Wkly. trms. incl. £5.7.0.

Interlaken. — Hotel Schweizerhof.—Best sit. fcg. Jungfrau, next Gdn. of Cas. All comf. Renowned Cuisine. Gar. Pens. fr. Frs. 14.50.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne. — The Hotel Victoria. — Home-like house, latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs. Garden. Garage.

Les Avants s/Montreux (3,281 ft.).—**Hotel de Jaman-Bellevue.** — Renovated, running water. Inclus. terms from 12s. Nic. Vital, Prop.

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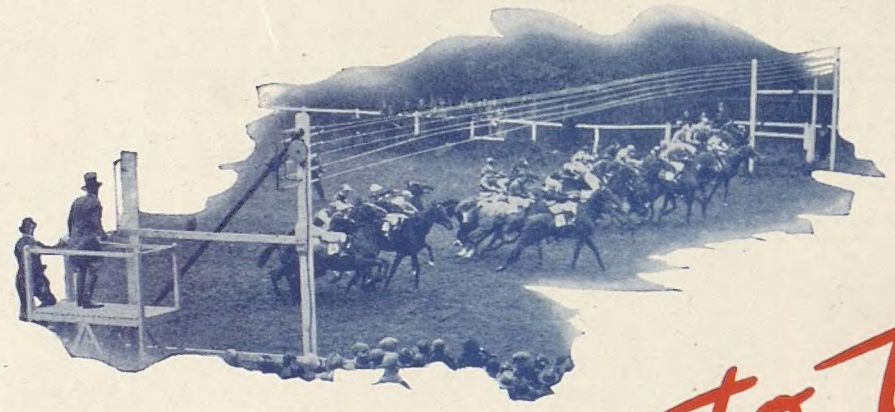

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